

OCTOBER 12, 1962

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

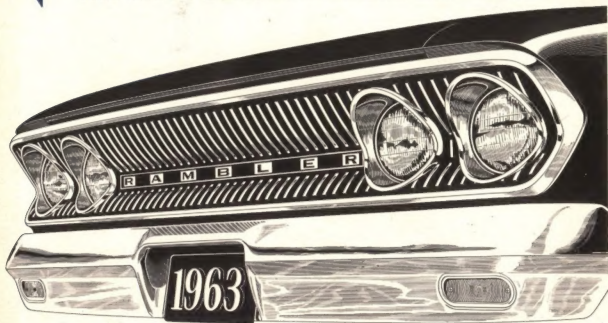


VOL. LXXX NO. 15
— 1995, U.S. PAT. OFF. —



LIFT THE COVER AND SEE RAMBLER '63

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RAMBLERS EVER BUILT



NEW! Chair-Height Bucket Seats with smart, handy Console. Optional.

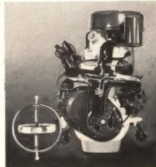
NEW! Advanced Unit Construction. Major breakthrough in car construction—massive one-piece uniside of galvanized steel (in white). Stronger, longer lasting.



NEW! Astonishingly easy entrance with curved glass side windows that let the high, wide doors curve into the roof. You step gracefully into new, luxuriously comfortable interiors.



NEW! Hidden storage compartment in rear of wagons. Keeps valuables out of sight.



NEW! Tri-Poised Power gives a vibration-free ride. Engine is 3-point seated in deep rubber.



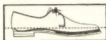
Looks like this.....Feels like this

It's CONTOUR CUSHION of course!

STYLE doesn't shout. It speaks quietly through luxury leathers. Its design is masculine, modern, and in unmistakable good taste. It is correct in color, pattern and model. Style is Freeman Contour Cushion for Fall.
Shown: Contour Cushion style 1434



COMFORT is the friendly feeling Freeman achieves through exclusive Contour Cushion construction. The heel is molded for your foot. The insole is cushioned with soft buoyant foam. Try a pair of Contour Cushion shoes!



CONTOUR CUSHION
A FREEMAN EXCLUSIVE

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FREEMAN SHOE CORPORATION, BELOIT, WISCONSIN

PRICES BEGIN AT A
SENSIBLE \$19.95



Self-regulation—from quaint beginnings, 170 years in the making

ANOTHER WAY THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE ENDEAVORS TO MAINTAIN A FAIR AND ORDERLY MARKET

On May 17, 1792, a group of merchants and traders decided to meet daily at regular hours to buy and sell securities under an old buttonwood tree on Wall Street, only a few blocks from the present site of the New York Stock Exchange.

These 24 men were the original Members of the Exchange.

They regulated themselves, and naturally their regulations were few and simple. In 1817, the first formal constitution was adopted. As the country grew, and the number of Exchange Members increased, a more rigid set of regulations began to evolve.

Today, 170 years after the beginning, the 1,366 Members are subject to one of the most stringent codes of self-regulation on the American business scene, plus the laws and rules administered by the Securities and Exchange Commission.

To begin with, a man who wants to become a Member has his background carefully scrutinized by the Exchange before he's accepted.

Once in business, his firm must submit to a surprise audit by independent public accountants once a year and answer three financial questionnaires of the Exchange ev-

ery year, one of which is based on the audit. In addition, Exchange examiners will visit his firm's offices and spot check its books and records.

A Member's firm must also report weekly on its position as an underwriter of securities, and disclose certain borrowings or loans by the firm or individual partners.

The Exchange's regulations extend to Member Firm brokers too. There are 31,000 in some 3,300 offices. They have had to satisfy Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business and must be well grounded in the business by either experience or training. They must be familiar with—and are expected to observe—the rules laid down by the Exchange for themselves and their Member Firms.

Self-policing like this is an important function of the New York Stock Exchange market place. Some 226 staff members are connected with the enforcement of these regulations.

Self-regulation is just one way the Exchange endeavors to maintain a fair and orderly market for all investors.

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

There's a staff of 800 attendants—one for every couple. All you do is enjoy your trip to Europe on the s.s. United States



Mr. and Mrs. Pitt F. Carl, Jr. on the bridge of the s.s. America. Mr. Carl is a retired Vice-President of the New York Telephone Company. Aboard these ships are acres of deck space for strolling, for deck games—or just plain relaxation.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Williamson of Dallas, Texas, being made comfortable while steward gets ready to offer a tasty snack. Cuisine, prepared by artist chefs, is "international." Mr. Williamson is Chairman of the Board of Frito-Lay, Inc.



Looking busy will be your hardest job... for 5 lovely leisurely days

When you sail for Europe on the s.s. United States, the world's fastest ship, there's nothing for you to do but live graciously for 5 delightful days. Experienced travelers choose this ship again and again.

s.s. United States includes a week-end in its 5 days to Europe, conserving time for businessmen. You spend only 3 business days aboard.

s.s. America Popular, luxurious. Offers two extra days at sea for a more leisurely crossing.

10% round-trip reduction during Thrift Season. Also special 25% reductions on 30-day individual excursion tickets or group travel during Thrift Season in cabin and tourist classes.



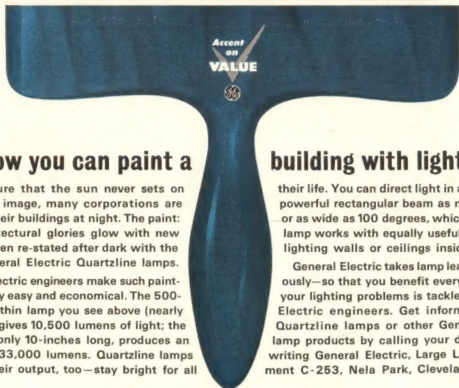
Miss Elizabeth A. Eigo of Larchmont, N. Y., enjoying the smooth rhythms of a Meyer Davis Orchestra. Others find fun in the heated swimming pool, first-run movies.

FOR DETAILS, SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

United States Lines

United States Lines, 1 Broadway, N. Y. 4, N. Y. Owner-operators of the s.s. United States, s.s. America and a fleet of 57 fast cargo vessels to Europe, United Kingdom, Far East, Australia.

TIME, OCTOBER 12, 1962



Now you can paint a

To make sure that the sun never sets on their public image, many corporations are "painting" their buildings at night. The paint: light. Architectural glories glow with new splendor when re-stated after dark with the help of General Electric Quartzline lamps.

General Electric engineers make such painting unusually easy and economical. The 500-watt pencil thin lamp you see above (nearly actual size) gives 10,500 lumens of light; the 1500-watt, only 10-inches long, produces an astounding 33,000 lumens. Quartzline lamps maintain their output, too—stay bright for all

building with light

their life. You can direct light in a precise and powerful rectangular beam as narrow as six or as wide as 100 degrees, which is why this lamp works with equally useful effect high-lighting walls or ceilings inside buildings.

General Electric takes lamp leadership seriously—so that you benefit every time one of your lighting problems is tackled by General Electric engineers. Get information about Quartzline lamps or other General Electric lamp products by calling your distributor or writing General Electric, Large Lamp Department C-253, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Are you crazy enough for the Volkswagen Station Wagon?

Don't worry.

You don't have to be absolutely crazy. You just have to be willing to stay a little ahead of the game.

(It took exactly the same kind of courage to buy the first Volkswagen Sedan. And look at it now.)



We also make a funny-looking car.

It's even easier to get the hang of the VW Station Wagon.

Just pretend that you've never seen a station wagon before. (Which is what we did.)

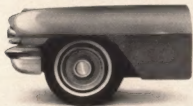
Then figure out how to squeeze a huge amount of room into a tiny amount of space. (Which is what we did.)

From then on, the Volkswagen Station Wagon begins to look like the sanest thing on wheels.

8 people sit comfortably in a car that's only 9 inches longer than the Volkswagen Sedan.

(Nobody believes that, but it's true. Only 9 inches.)

Even so, there's room to spare for the spare. Plus all



Who needs hoods?

the stuff and nonsense that always used to get in your way.

But the VW Station Wagon is not only roomier than the biggest conventional wagons.

It's also a lot more interesting.

There are 23 windows to stare out of. (Or for your friends to stare into.)

The side door is almost 4 feet wide.

Take out the middle seat, put in an open playpen and you have a nursery.

Put in a bridge table and chairs and you have a traveling card game.

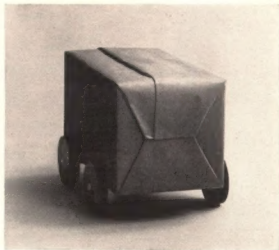
Or leave it alone, slide back the sunroof and you have the kicks of a convertible.

No matter what, you have all the good things that make a Volkswagen a Volkswagen.

The engine is in the back for better traction.

The engine is air-cooled, too. No water. No freezing up or boiling over. No rust. No leaks. No anti-freeze.

You can expect roughly 25 miles to the gallon.



It's like a box on wheels.

All 4 wheels are separately suspended by torsion bars. It holds the road as if it were on rails. (No other wagon has this.)

There's also the extraordinary Volkswagen finish: Hand-sanded outside, hand-stitched inside.

Fresh air comes in through vents at roof level. (Fewer fumes from the car ahead.)

All in all, the Volkswagen Station Wagon is literally a box full of ideas.

If a lot of them are beginning to make sense, get a good grip on yourself.

You may be crazy enough.

← 2-car family. He commutes in a Hughes 269-A 'Copter. She shops in a Volkswagen Station Wagon. Today's bargain: an 11-foot Picasso.



TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Barabbas. A religious spectacle that is also something of a religious experience: Pär Lagerkvist's novel about the man who went free when Christ went to the Cross has been dramatized with spiritual insight by Christopher Fry, and played with crude vigor by Anthony Quinn.

Divorce—Italian Style. A murderously funny study of what happens when a marriage breaks up in Italy—it doesn't go pffft!, it goes rat-tat-tat. Marcello Mastroianni is hilarious as the husband, a tin-typical Sicilian smoothie.

The Island. A Japanese movie that means to be great: the story, told without words, of the hard but beautiful life of a poor farmer and his family lead on an isolated islet in Japan's Inland Sea.

Yojimbo. A Japanese movie that really is great: a work by Akira (Rashomon) Kurosawa that seems no more than a bloody and hilarious parody of a Hollywood western but develops into a satire that can stand with the best of the best of Bertolt Brecht.

The Gift. made for \$3,123.17 by a 35-year-old commercial artist named Herbert Danska, describes with graceful obliquity a creative crisis in the life of a painter. Undoubtedly the most original U.S. movie released this year.

Guns of Darkness. A routine bit of banality about a Central American revolution that surprisingly develops into a philosophical thriller.

The Girl with the Golden Eyes. A young French director named Jean-Gabriel Albicocco has turned Balzac's dated daydream of Sapphic sensuality into an updated, unregenerate nightmare.

Money, Money, Money. Jean Gabin plays a canny old counterfeiter in a clever French comedy that tells how to make money without really working.

TELEVISION

Wed., Oct. 10

The Virginian (NBC, 7:30-9 p.m.)* Tonight a rich South American, played by Ricardo Montalban, attacks the ranch with an army of hired gunmen.

The Eleventh Hour (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Wendell Corey is a psychiatrist in this excellent program; this episode deals with a soldier who deserted the Army in World War II and has been brought home for court-martial 17 years later.

Armstrong Circle Theater (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). The subject of tonight's semi-documentary is automobile insurance frauds.

Thurs., Oct. 11

McHale's Navy (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A premiere of a situation comedy in which Ernest Borgnine stars as the skipper of a PT boat during World War II.

Fri., Oct. 12

The Jack Paar Show (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests: Alan King and Peggy Cass.

Sat., Oct. 13

Wide World of Sports (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Automobile races in Trenton, N.J., and at Longchamps in Paris.

* All times E.D.T.

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11:05 p.m.). Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, Louis Jourdan, Jean Peters, Maggie McNamara and Rossano Brazzi in *Three Coins in the Fountain*.

Sun., Oct. 14

Lamp Unto My Feet (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). A dramatic study of St. Teresa of Avila.

Look Up and Live (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). Euripides' short drama, *The Bacchae*.

Meet the Press (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guest: California's Governor Pat Brown.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The Allied attack on Cassino in film clips and narrative. Special guests are General Mark Clark and Nazi General Fridolin von Senger, who fought it out there. Repeat.

The Sunday Night Movie (ABC, 8-10 p.m.). William Holden and John Wayne in *The Horse Soldiers*.

The Voice of Firestone (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Guests: Tenor Richard Tucker, Balserina Maria Tallchief, Soprano Patrice Munsel.

Tues., Oct. 16

The Jack Benny Program (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Guest: Raymond Burr, TV's Perry Mason.

As Caesar Sees It (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Premiere of a new monthly series starring Sid Caesar in various comedic situations.

THEATER

On and Off Broadway, the new season got under way with two imports of distinction.

The Affair. Faithfully adapted by Ronald Millar from the novel by C. P. Snow, this play scrupulously tracks justice through a lap of university dons. Intellectually sprightly and impeccably acted, *The Affair* offers playgoers the added pleasure of hearing literate English spoken with grace and precision.

A Man's Man. This Eric Bentley adaptation of a 1926 play by the late great Bertolt Brecht proves a black-billed comedy of terrors and an uncanny anticipation of brainwashing in which the hero is transformed from a simple-minded Irish laborer into a blood-bloated killer whose only self is the print on his identity card.

There are several holdovers of quality. The New York Drama Critics Circle best foreign play prizewinner, **A Man for All Seasons**, probes the mind, heart and faith of Sir Thomas More, who chose to lose his life rather than his soul. Emlin Williams portrays the hero-martyr. **A Thousand Clowns**, freshly and resourcefully comic, stars Jason Robards Jr. as a man who tries to grope his way out of groupthink toward the good life. Barbara Bel Geddes delivers Jean Kerr's subcutaneous witticisms with flair in long-running **Mary, Mary**.

Musicals are often the bane and sometimes the boon of Broadway's existence. The coursing humor of Abe Burrows and the kinetic energy of Robert Morse's performance help to make **How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying** one of those rare musicalcomedy triumphs of form

over formula. The belly laugh is the convulsive vogue at **A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum**, where Zero Mostel, lewdly assisted by clowns and houris, is pillaging the comic genius of Plautus to vulgar and insane perfection.

BOOKS

Best Reading

A Company of Heroes, by Dale Van Every. An absorbing account of the most savage and perhaps least known side of the Revolutionary War—the long blood feud between settlers and Indians on the western frontier.

Images of Truth, by Glenway Wescott. The author, one of the U.S.'s best non-writing novelists (he wrote *The Pilgrim Hawk*), ends a long silence with a fine collection of critical portraits of fellow authors—Katherine Anne Porter, Isak Dinesen, Thomas Mann and others.

Morte d'Urban, by J. F. Powers. A gently satirical novel about the surprisingly secular problems of a fund-raising Catholic priest, written with fondness and perception but, the Lord be thanked, not a trace of cuteness.

The Climb Up to Hell, by Jack Olsen. The north face of Switzerland's Eiger (Ogre) Mountain is perhaps the most suicidal climb in the Alps, and the author's account of four ill-equipped men who tried to climb it in 1957 is thoughtful and exciting.

Letters from the Earth, by Mark Twain. These savage, scatologically irreverent papers, long suppressed by Twain's daughter, were a product of the deep and deepening melancholy of the humorist's old age.

We Have Always Lived in the Castle, by Shirley Jackson. The gentle, haunting tale of an old mansion and its strange inmates by one of the masters of séance fiction.

Boswell's Journal of a Tour of the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, edited by Frederick A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett. On horseback in the Scottish islands, the great doctor is still a monster of wit, wisdom and prejudice.

The Blue Nile, by Alan Moorehead. Like its predecessor, *The White Nile*, this account of war and trade along the great river is a rich pageant of scenes and characters.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (1, last week)
2. **Dearly Beloved**, Lindbergh (2)
3. **Youngblood Hawke**, Wouk (4)
4. **The Prize**, Wallace (3)
5. **Another Country**, Baldwin (7)
6. **Seven Days in May**, Knebel and Bayley
7. **A Shade of Difference**, Drury
8. **The Reivers**, Faulkner (5)
9. **Uhuru**, Ruark (6)
10. **Hornblower and the Hotspur**, Forester (9)

NONFICTION

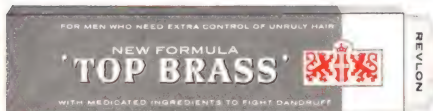
1. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (3)
2. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (2)
3. **Travels with Charley**, Steinbeck (1)
4. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps!**, Hudson (4)
5. **The Blue Nile**, Moorehead (10)
6. **Who's in Charge Here?**, Gardner (6)
7. **Sex and the Single Girl**, Brown (5)
8. **The Guns of August**, Tuchman
9. **Veck—as in Wreck**, Veck (9)
10. **Final Verdict**, St. Johns

Exclusive!

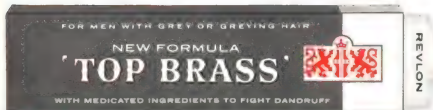
'Top Brass' Medicated Hair Dressing ...now in 3 custom formulas!



Regular, for most men and most kinds of hair.



New! For unruly, hard-to-hold and hard-to-manage hair.



New! Blue formula for white, grey or greying hair.
Counteracts yellowing. Great for blond hair, too.



Decide Now! Which of these medicated formulas is right for you? Chances are if you're over 25, you're losing your hair! But why rush things with an unhealthy scalp? 'Top Brass' helps keep your scalp healthy while it keeps your hair neat. It's medicated to fight dandruff and it moisturizes to stop dry scalp with *no greasy build-up!*

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Why Duofold is enjoying its hottest sales year

"Thanks to Reader's Digest, this has been our hottest sales year for men's 2-layer underwear," writes President Aubrey M. Evans of Duofold, Inc.

"We told retailers about our Digest campaign well in advance, and orders started pouring in. Retailers tied their advertising to ours. And our merchandising program, designed by The Digest,

helped win the generous support of retail salespeople.

"Our company has been a heavy advertiser for 55 years, but this was a refreshing and rewarding new experience in how effective advertising can be."

People have faith in Reader's Digest. 13,500,000 U.S. families (23,000,000 world-wide) buy each issue.



name dropper



Slip off the outer wrap of the handsome Benson & Hedges packet and it becomes your personal case. The drawer slides open to deliver each cigarette to you in perfect shape. Notice that the filter is recessed into the mouthpiece, so it never touches your lips, never intrudes upon your enjoyment. Now taste the Benson & Hedges blend of choice tobaccos. Superb tobaccos, skillfully cured, aged and blended. If you appreciate quality, you will recognize why this must be a limited edition cigarette.

With Benson & Hedges you pay more...you get more



A Future Engineer IF—

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A vital part of our job at State Mutual is making sure that your insurance policies fit precisely into a blueprint drawn to your specifications. We call this blueprint Planned Living — a unique and sensitive "measuring" device born out of more than a century of planning experience.

Planned Living first helps you identify your present and future financial needs for yourself and your

family. Then it translates these needs into a sensible, practical, coordinated, *guaranteed* program.

Planned Living helps you decide which needs come first, when, why... college funds for your youngster, a guaranteed retirement income, family protection, income or benefits when you're ill or injured. Further, with skilled counseling by any of our agents, you find out how much insurance and what kind is necessary to do the job at lowest cost.

You can learn more about Planned Living so easily and without obligation. See your nearest State Mutual agent, or write to us here in Worcester, Mass.



STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA

State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America, Worcester, Massachusetts

Founded 1844 • Over \$3 billion of Life Insurance in force • LIFE • NON-CANCELLABLE HEALTH INSURANCE • GROUP

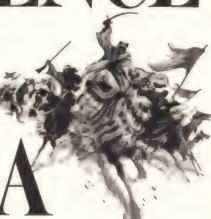
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After five years
...the first motion picture
from the creators of
"The Bridge On The River Kwai"

Columbia Pictures presents
The SAM SPIEGEL · DAVID LEAN
Production of

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JACK HAWKINS · JOSE FERRER
ANTHONY QUAYLE · CLAUDE RAINS · ARTHUR KENNEDY
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Loge \$3.50, Orch. or Mezz. \$3.00, 1st 6 rows Orch. \$2.00

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**When you finish
reading "King Rat"
never again will
the choice between
right and wrong
seem simple**

**Around a tense plot of men under stress,
James Clavell has woven a violent and
stunning novel of the human predicament
that is holding readers spellbound**

The time: 1945. The place: Changi, a Japanese prison camp near Singapore. In this hell-hole where Americans, Englishmen, and Australians live like rats, one prisoner lives like a king. That is King Rat. Before his capture he was an American corporal. Now he is a wheeling, dealing black marketeer who has built an empire for himself at the expense of his fellow prisoners.

But is King Rat really evil?

This question gnaws at King Rat's only friend, British Flight Lieutenant Peter Marlowe, officer and gentleman, who begins to learn that under stress there can be no hard and fast distinction between right and wrong. To Lieutenant Grey, the Provost Marshall of Changi, morality is a matter of black and white. To him "right" calls for the destruction of King Rat and Marlowe.

The taut struggle grips readers and critics alike

"As a dramatic novel of men under stress KING RAT is utterly engrossing," says the N. Y. Times. "Mr. Clavell brilliantly poses a perplexing problem and then refuses to give his answer to it. I doubt if many readers will be certain of their answers either." "Powerful, satisfying, fascinating," says the N. Y. Herald Tribune, "... penetrating in its observation of human nature . . . provoking in its analysis of right and wrong."

Already a best seller and bought by Hollywood

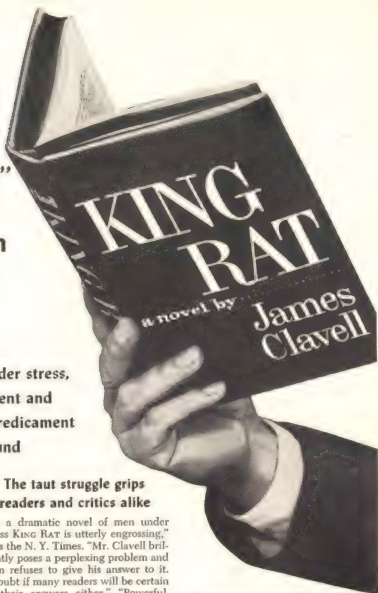
LIFE calls KING RAT, "A remarkably moving story that could make as fine a movie as *River Kwai*" — an exciting prediction, for KING RAT has been bought by Columbia Pictures and is already scheduled for production as a major motion picture. When you read

the book you'll see why the film producers are so excited and why the reviewer of the Boston Herald writes: "KING RAT is a blockbuster of a novel . . . one of the best stories we have read, and we read every word." You will also see why, so soon after publication, KING RAT has won its place on the N. Y. Times list of National Best Sellers.

**"One of the two or three finest
novels so far published this year."**

—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, N. Y. Times

Begin reading KING RAT tonight. Now
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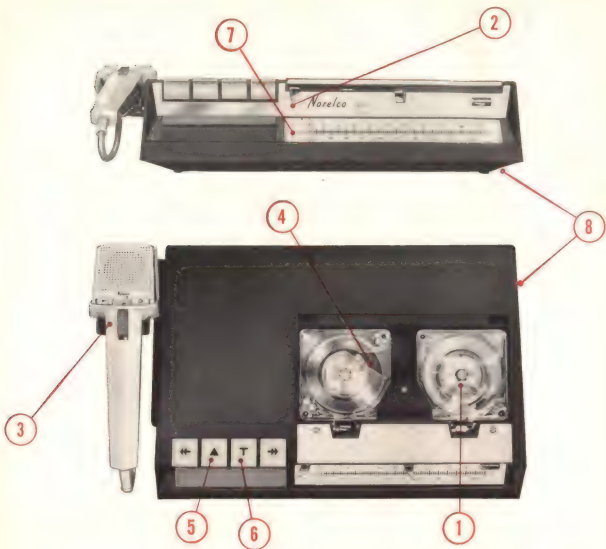
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You can be sure...if it's Westinghouse

Meet her in the drawing room and it may be hard for you to picture her behind the range. But the same gal who has a closetful of lovelies from Lord and Taylor, Saks and Bonwit's has a kitchenful of the electrical world's latest

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ZENITH

*The quality goes in
before the name goes on*

The Micro-Touch 2G Tone Arm is a joint development of Zenith and CBS Laboratories.

LETTERS

Ole Miss

Sir:

Hurrah for Ross Barnett!
I am not a segregationist, but, to use an analogy, I like to see a team that's sure to win the pennant lose at least one ball game.

THOMAS E. KLUNZINGER
East Lansing, Mich.

Sir:

Cheers to Governor Ross Barnett for his show of guts by standing up for his convictions, states' rights and the will of the people of the sovereign state of Mississippi. If there were more people like him in high positions in the Federal Government, would we have to worry about the "Cuban thorn" or similar situations?

WILLIAM W. CLARK
Andrews A.F.B.
Washington

Sir:

The Russian tanks rolled in on Hungary; the U.S. troops massed in Mississippi. Freedom v. Communism: both used force. What's the difference?

MRS. JOHN HOUGH
Fortuna, Calif.

Sir:

Nothing has been funnier than your oh-so-objective reporters writing of Meredith as though he were something other than a dangling black puppet on an awful thin string.

Your story in this week's TIME [Oct. 5] reads as if you feel (or want to make somebody else feel) that Meredith is master, in control, of his own destiny, his own actions. Why, the fellow doesn't even have any idea what he's supposed to do tomorrow—beyond knowing he'll do whatever his N.A.A.C.P. lawyers, or John Doar or Burke Marshall, tell him.

CHARLES B. GORDON
The Enterprise-Journal
McComb, Miss.

Sir:

Nowhere have I read or heard about molasses among the faculty and students of the university in today's crisis. Were they all asking "When will the nigger come?" Or is the climate in Mississippi presently such that a moderate dare not let his views be known?

BARBARA BALLOU
Palo Alto, Calif.

Sir:

As a Baptist who lives in the North, I have only one question—why can't we hear the voice of the Baptists in Mississippi now

that Governor Barnett and his crew are so blatantly trampling underfoot the principles of him of whom it was said: "He hath made of one blood all nations of men?"

Please, Mississippi Baptists, speak up.
GUNNAR HUGLUND
Chicago

Sir:

I have no doubt that James Meredith knows that he could get a better education at Harvard or Western Reserve or California or any other university you care to name. But a question of principle remains: as long as he and other Mississippi Negroes pay taxes that help to support the state university, they have a right to enjoy its dubious benefits.

To those Mississippians who resent being dragged screaming into the 20th century, I can only say: Come on in; the rest of us have been here for some years, and it isn't as bad as you think.

RALPH BACKLUND
New York City

Sir:

I disagree strongly with your statement that "the Administration appeared weak and hesitant." I think that President Kennedy and the Attorney General acted in a very positive manner.

GEORGE R. MATEYO, '65
Baldwin-Wallace College
Berea, Ohio

Sir:

No American need be ashamed of the "Oxford incident." Political fascination and the shedding of blood have overshadowed the most overwhelming significance of this event: the basic rights of one American citizen—one quiet, unassuming citizen—were being infringed upon, and as a result of this infringement, the entire power, might and prestige of the U.S. Government went to his assistance.

In what other country in the world would this have occurred? Americans abroad and at home need not hang their heads in shame. This was a proud day for America. It re-emphasized that which separates democracy from Communism: the sacredness of the individual.

PATRICK W. NEE
Roslindale, Mass.

Moscow Glamor

Sir:

Although you painted a beautiful word picture of Galina Brezhnev [Oct. 5], you



left us on tenterhooks with no photo of this glamorous daughter of the Soviet President

WILLIAM LANE BAKER
Belmont Shore, Calif.

None was available last week. Here with Galina in Belgrade (left), with Khrushchev's daughter, Rada Adzhubei.—Ed.

Gold Star for Goldwater

Sir:

Please give me back my star.
BARRY GOLDWATER
Major General, U.S.A.F.R.
Washington

TIME regrets its Oct. 5 reference to Reader Goldwater as a "one-star general." He was promoted to two-star rank in May.—Ed.

Council in Rome

Sir:

Congratulations from a constant and critical reader of TIME. As a Catholic, I applaud your accurate appraisal of the Ecumenical Council [Oct. 5] and the tremendous task lying before it.

WILLIAM BEAULIEU
Schenectady, N.Y.

Sir:

I have read your magazine's flippant article "Council of Renewal."
(THE REV.) PAULINUS CODY, O.F.M.
Saint Anthony Shrine
Boston

Sir:

It was surprising to read that an editor of the Vatican daily changed the Holy Father's words before printing them.

My Catholic friends have always told me that the Pope is perfect, infallible; so how could anything he says need to be edited by anyone, especially a world editor?

BETTY HANSON
Fort Worth

Sir:

The delicate, Da Vinci-like drawing of the Pope made me redden with embarrassment when I discovered it was executed by the same artist who had mutilated President Kennedy on TIME's Man of the Year 1961 cover.

An artist myself, I had written in protest re the Kennedy cover. It is obvious from the soft, gentle lines articulating the Pope that Annigoni really is sensitive to character.

(MRS.) SUNNY JACOBSON
Westport, Conn.

Spray Fray

Sir:

Thanks for the space TIME gives to the pesticide controversy [Sept. 28].

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HOUSE
on-the-park

Vincent J. Coyle, Vice-President & Managing Dir.
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH • NEW YORK

It is fortunate that public attention can be focused on this business by Rachel Carson's dramatization of the facts. The author loses no stature for her "mystical attachment to the balance of nature."

C. M. KIRKPATRICK
Professor of Wildlife Management
Purdue University
Lafayette, Ind.

Sir:
The sooner restrictive laws are placed on indiscriminate mass spray programs the better. The public has the right to demand careful and comprehensive research before any mass programs are instituted.

RUSSELL F. HANSEN
Cleveland Museum of Natural History
Cleveland

Sir:
I wish to compliment you for the straightforward and unemotional appraisal of Rachel Carson's book *Silent Spring*.

DALE F. BRAY
Head of Department
Department of Entomology
University of Delaware
Newark, Del.

Sir:
Kudos for the objective analysis of pesticides. Far too many book reviewers have been impressed by Rachel Carson's lucidity rather than the substance of her new book. Pests kill ten times as much timber as forest fires do. Civilization has to live with careful

use of pesticides, just as we must live with the automobile and other devices that can cause their toll through improper use.

T. F. ARVOLA
Deputy State Forester
Department of Conservation
Sacramento, Calif.

Sir:
As a professional zoologist, I have been profoundly disturbed by the disregard for the facts of the matter shown by so many other reviewers of Rachel Carson's book *Silent Spring*. I was heartened to read your discussion of this book, an outstanding example of objective journalism at its finest.

JOHN C. FRANDSEN
Auburn, Ala.

A Pride of Aggies

Sir:
The student body of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas read your article [Sept. 28] with considerable alarm. While your comments on the significant accomplishments of our former students reflected favorably on the quality of our graduates, your picture of our campus activities was, at best, rather distorted.

You specifically mentioned weaknesses in our School of Arts and Sciences, but failed to mention the fact that many of our graduates in these areas have distinguished themselves in graduate schools.

Although members of the Cadet Corps undergo rigid military discipline, our "fish" are not "mercilessly hazed," but live under

WHAT TIME FORGOT AND WE REMEMBER

(Excerpts from *Electrical Union World*, Oct. 1, 1962)

TIME Magazine of Sept. 28 contained a gorgeous 12-page section of color photographs depicting the fantastic amount of construction which has overwhelmed New York City in the last five years. Page after page showed superb photographs of vast new skyscrapers, airline terminals, Lincoln Center, housing developments, slum clearance projects, power plants, big stores, all of which have transformed the face of our city. We congratulate TIME on a strikingly beautiful job of color printing, photography, writing and editing and research.

Just one little demurrer. TIME credited the builders, architects, designers, planners for this unprecedented achievement. Only one group went unmentioned, the men who built these edifices—the bricklayers, ironworkers, plumbers, electricians, carpenters, painters, operating engineers, laborers, in short, the building tradesmen, those who brave freezing weather, driving rains, torrid sunshine and who sometimes gamble—and lose—life and limb to erect these grandiose edifices.

This is no invidious criticism. In referring to TIME's omission, we express the normal desire of a labor paper to give an identity to the thousands of building tradesmen who helped make all this splendor possible. Perhaps these men will someday be forgotten like the faceless helots who built the awesome pyramids of Egypt, the beehive tomb at Mycenae, the Temple of Apollo at Baalbek, the Great Wall of China, those slaves of inscrutable tyrannies who toiled without recompense.

It seems to us worth noting that the men who built the New York buildings are free men, free trade unionists who send their children to college, who live in decent homes, who study after working

hours to keep up with changing technology and modern invention, who have first names and last names, who have the right to vote and the right to protest, whose ancestors turned trackless forests into lush wheat-fields, prairies into grazing lands.

So give three cheers for the splendid color portfolio and then one cheer more for the men without whom there can be neither building booms nor color portraits about building booms.

► A belated but rousing three cheers for all the men who make the skyscrapers soar.—Ed.





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SHELDON J. BEST
Student Body President
WILLIAM D. NIX JR.
Cadet Colonel of the Corps
College Station, Texas

Sir,

As a former citizen-soldier with a lingering distaste for the attitudes of the professional soldier, I would like to add a footnote to your Texas A. & M. story.

After 20 years I am still grateful to A. & M. for the training of the officers under whom I was fortunate enough to serve. Men like Stephen D. Martin, who had the job of making schoolboys into soldiers and did it without foolishly trying to make basic training equivalent to military school; men with enough sense of humor to distinguish between the serious demands of that training and some of its more trivial side effects. Men like Charles L. Ricks, one of the 606 Aggies killed in World War II, who lives in my memory as the finest field grade officer I ever knew. A man who was as willing to die for his men as he was to live with them, an intelligent soldier and a kind human being, he would have been a credit to any school.

The Harvard lad mentioned in your other Education article may be right in saying that his school contacts will be the leaders of the country, but he should understand that the boys of the land grant colleges are providing the backbone for that country—and A. & M. turns out some of the best.

(THE REV.) HAROLD BRADLEY, S. J.
Mexico City

A Little Humility

Sir,

The issue of merger among four of the major leading American Protestant churches (Sept. 28) is indeed a complex situation, but the obviously hasty words of Washington's John Wesley Lord, "Methodists have the least enthusiasm, and with good reason. We're strong; what do we need?" are a little hard for some of us Methodist theology students to take. "What do we need?"; well, brother, try a little humility.

CHRISTOPHER W. CRAIG
BRUCE ROBERTS
HENRY SCHERER JR.

Boston University School of Theology
Boston

Sir,

I am intrigued by the Rev. H. F. Lawhorn's strange use of Scripture to justify division among Christians. He says: "We ought to remember what Christ said. 'Other sheep have I, not of this fold.'"

Christ also said—in the same sentence, in fact: "... them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

MARIBETH DWYER
Missoula, Mont.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME, 1111 J.P. Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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Some of the families who bought \$625,000 worth of

We cite this case history because it is one of the most tightly documented advertising success stories we have encountered. It shows how one advertiser got \$90 in *measured* sales for each dollar he invested. It reveals the tremendous *local* impact of a national magazine — impact unmatched by so-called local media. The product was homes, but it could have been cars or refrigerators or soap. For this is a story, not of homes, but of sales. And of a magazine that makes them happen.

Westbrook Farms is a community of \$17,000-to-\$23,000 homes in Wheeling, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. Advertised extensively in newspapers and on radio, the homes had been selling at a rate of 15 a month—until June, 1962.

Then a two-page Westbrook Farms ad ran in Zone 8 (Illinois and Wisconsin) of the June 19 *Look*. Here is what happened, according to Richard J. Brown, president of Preference Homes, Inc., the community's developer:



THE WARDS, THE STEPHANS, THE LITMANS

Photographed for LOOK at Wheeling, Ill.

homes after seeing a \$7,000 advertisement in LOOK

"We wanted to check the results of the LOOK ad. So for one month after it appeared, we questioned every family who visited our sales office. There were 1,036 such families. And 782 of them—over 75%—told us they had come out because they saw our ad in LOOK."

What about sales? The June figure soared to 32 homes, with 20 of them bought by families who first learned about Westbrook Farms in LOOK. In July, another 11 homes were sold to families brought out by the same LOOK advertisement. (Some of these 31 LOOK-motivated families are shown in the photograph above.)

"That LOOK ad cost us \$7,000," reports Mr. Brown. "It produced—and we kept an accurate record—over \$625,000 in actual, measured sales. What's more, LOOK readers and their friends are still coming out. I've been in this busi-

ness a long time, and the LOOK ad was by far the most effective one I have ever run in any medium."

Westbrook Farms had planned to run just one ad in LOOK. Then came the sales results—and a new plan. A second Westbrook Farms ad will appear in LOOK this fall.

Sales results. The ultimate goal of all advertising. The reason why LOOK, in first half 1962 vs. first half 1961, outgained all other magazines in advertising revenue . . . why LOOK, first in circulation in its field, continues to set the growth pace for the magazine industry. Now is the time to put the sales power of LOOK to work for *your* product or service.

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METROPOLITAN NEW YORK AREA



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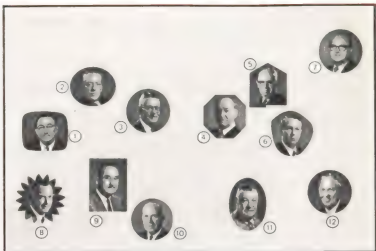
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer



Few facets of U.S. life have been debated more aggressively in recent years than the phenomenon that has come to be called "Madison Avenue." Advertising has been condemned by misguided critics, overblown by some nervous defenders, and reflected in a cracked mirror by Hollywood. This week, *TIME's* editors, in a definitive story followed by two pages of personality sketches of the twelve men on the cover, take a steady measure of Madison Avenue.

Producing the story, on which work began last July, was mainly the task of Senior Editor Robert C. Christopher. Writer Marshall Loeb, Reporter Willard C. Rappleye Jr., and Researcher Jean Pascoe. The twelve men on the cover, who of course do not exhaust the roster of key men in the advertising business (some of our best friends are missing), were photographed by Ormond Gigli and Derek Hayes, and their pictures placed on a background painted by Robert Vickrey. The cover subjects as numbered above:

11 Norman Hulbert Strouse, president and chief executive officer, J. Walter Thompson Co.

29 Fairfax Mastick Cone, chairman of the executive committee, Foote, Cone & Belding, Inc.

3) Charles Hendrickson Brower, president and chairman of the executive committee, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.

4) Harry Albert Batten, chairman of the board, N. W. Aver & Son, Inc.

51 Leo Burnett, chairman of the board, Leo Burnett Co., Inc.

6) David Mackenzie Ogilvy, chairman of the board, Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.

7) Marion Harper Jr., president and chairman of the board, Interpublic, Inc.

8) George Homer Gribbin, president and chief executive officer, Young & Rubicam, Inc.

91 John Philip Cunningham, chairman of the executive committee, Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.

101 Robert Emmett Lusk, chairman of the board and chief executive officer, Benton & Bowles, Inc.

(1) Henry Guy Little, chairman of the board, Campbell-Ewald Co.

120 Robert Mondell Ganger, chairman of the board and of the executive committee, D'Arcy Advertising Co.

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*PROBLEM: "It takes us too long
to get out-of-town sales reports"*

SOLUTION: Have salesmen call in their
orders every day by Long Distance

It's good business to keep up to date on your sales progress. Prompt reports by telephone help you with buying, processing and inventory control...give you extra time to assure on-time delivery...let you get back

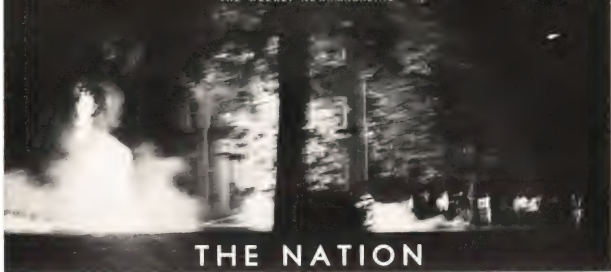
to a customer quickly to work out details.

Many business problems are really communications problems. And they can be solved by effective use of Bell System services: voice...written...or data. Talk with one of our Communications Consultants about them. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Solve business problems with communications



THE NATION

BATTLE SCENE AT OLE MISS
The order was: the prelude to justice.

THE STATES

Though the Heavens Fall

The constitution does not allow reasons of state to influence our judgement. God forbid it should! We must not regard political consequences, however formidable they might be; if rebellion was the certain consequence, we are bound to say, Justitia non curat cœlum—Let justice be done, though the heavens fall.

Lord Mansfield, Chief Justice of England (*Rex v. Walker*, 1768)

Beneath the rich, golden-toned sky that October brings to the Deep South a pleasant morning coolness lingered on the University of Mississippi campus at Oxford. A bell signaled the end of a o'clock classes and students poured from the stately white-columned buildings. They merged into a sea of laughing, chattering youngsters, milling about on spacious green lawns. For a moment, the view at Ole Miss looked like any between-classes scene at any big well-landscaped, co-educational college in the U.S. on any fine autumn day.

But instead of moving on to the next classes a crowd of students gathered in front of Conner Hall, where a campus-newcomer named James H. Meredith had just completed a political science class. As Meredith appeared in the doorway, the waiting students began hissing him. He was a fellow student, a fellow Mississippian, and a fellow human being. But these likenesses were submerged by a terrible intensity of differences.

"Smile, Nigger!" Even if there had been no students jeering him and no U.S. marshals guarding him, Meredith would have been a strange figure on that campus. At 26, he was visibly older than his fellow students. His somber suit, neatly knotted tie and shined shoes contrasted with the campus standard male garb of

white shirt, khaki trousers and scuffed loafers. And above all other differences, he was a Negro, the only one in the entire state of Mississippi who had broken through the public education system's segregation barrier.

Escorted by half a dozen stony-faced U.S. marshals, he began walking toward the U.S. Government automobile that was waiting to take him back to his dormitory. "Hey taxi!" a student yelled. "I wish I had a taxi to take me around campus." The hissing intensified and Meredith quickened his pace. As he reached the car and faced a battery of waiting news photographers, the students broke into loud jeers. "Smile, nigger, smile," they called. The marshals hustled him into the back seat and the car drove away, followed by two U.S. Army weapons carriers loaded with steel-helmeted soldiers grasping rifles with bayonets attached.

Crying All the Way. Shameful as Meredith's ordeal was, it had its inspiring aspects. Meredith's very presence on that campus was an affirmation that the individual's rights under the Constitution are to be enforced against whatever opposition, at whatever cost. The state government had tried to keep him out of the university, and a frenzied mob had fought a bloody, nightlong battle to get him out. But all in vain, for his right to be there was backed up by the might of the national government. Only in America, perhaps, would the Government send thousands of troops to enforce the right of an otherwise obscure citizen to attend a particular university.

Meredith's battle to get into Ole Miss was a continuation of a struggle that traces back to when he was 13 years old. As a boy on his father's farm in the Mississippi backlands, he had never perceived the gulfs that separated whites and Negroes. But when he was 13, his father

drove the family to Detroit to visit relatives. James and a brother stayed behind when the family went back to Mississippi. When the time came for the brothers to go home, they went by train. "The train wasn't segregated when we left Detroit," Meredith recalls. "But when we got to Memphis the conductor told my brother and me we had to go to another car. I cried all the way home from Memphis and in a way I have cried ever since."

In January 1961, after nine years in the U.S. Air Force, Meredith wrote a letter applying for admission to the University of Mississippi. The university fended Meredith off in the courts, but once the legal battle was lost, they were prepared to submit and let Meredith enroll. Then Mississippi's fumbling Governor Ross Barnett interfered (*TIME*, Oct. 5). Barnett's overt defiance of the law provided a cause to rally around, not only for Ole Miss students, but for racists all over Mississippi and in other Southern states.

In Texas, a weird call to arms was sounded by Edwin A. Walker, sometime U.S. Army major general who resigned his commission after being officially admonished for wild right-wing talk. Walker appealed to Americans "from every state" to march to Barnett's aid. His cry rang out all over the Deep South with a special meaning: for Walker was the man who commanded the U.S. troops that President Eisenhower sent to Little Rock in 1957.

A Haunting Gibe. After several abortive attempts to get Meredith registered, it became disarmingly obvious that it was going to take a very large force to carry out the court's orders. Attorney General Robert Kennedy summoned 22,000 federal marshals and deputy marshals from all over the nation to the U.S. Naval Air Station near Memphis, Tenn., 80 miles from Oxford. President Kennedy put aides



VIOLENCE ON CAMPUS
Rocks, shotguns and gasoline bombs...

to work drafting two speeches to the nation—one to be delivered if Barnett stepped aside, the other if he persisted in his defiance. The President still hoped to avoid sending military forces into Oxford. At one point during the 1960 campaign he had said in reference to Little Rock: "There is more power in the presidency than to let things drift and then suddenly call out the troops." All during the Ole Miss crisis, that gibe at Eisenhower must have haunted John Kennedy. He desperately wanted to be able to avoid any accusations that he had let things drift and then suddenly called out the troops.

The day before his TV speech, the President sent Barnett a telegram demanding to know "this evening" whether the Governor and his officials would "cooperate in maintaining law and order." Barnett telephoned the President at 7:30 p.m. and evasively asked for more time to frame his reply. At 10 p.m., he called Attorney General Kennedy and said that he could not agree to the President's demands.

Somberly, the President issued an executive order directing the Secretary of Defense to "take all appropriate steps" to enforce the court orders and calling the Mississippi units of the National Guard into "active military service."

But the following morning, Barnett called the White House again. He now seemed to be willing to cooperate. He urged the President to bring Meredith in that day, Sunday; there were, he said, indications that segregationist gangs were planning to converge on Oxford on Monday. As White House officials tell it, Barnett promised that if U.S. marshals escorted Meredith onto the campus on Sunday, the state police would help maintain order. Accepting these assurances the White House decided to put Meredith onto the campus that afternoon, even before the President delivered his speech.

Through the West Gate. Late that afternoon, the first wave of C-47 transports airlifting marshals from Memphis set down at the Oxford airport. Wearing white helmets and orange riot vests stuffed with tear-gas canisters, 167 marshals loaded into waiting Army trucks and chugged off to the campus half a mile away. At 5 p.m.—it was then 7 p.m. in Washington—marshals surrounded the Lyceum, the old, red brick administration building where Meredith was to register.

Shortly afterward, Meredith arrived from Memphis aboard a twin-engined U.S. border patrol plane, climbed into a border patrol automobile, and rode to the campus, escorted by a caravan of marshals with black, stubby tear-gas guns in their hands. The cavalcade swept onto the campus through the little-used West Gate and deposited Meredith at Baxter Hall with a guard of 24 marshals.

The time neared for the President to go on TV—7:30 p.m. E.D.T.—but he sent word to the networks that he was going to postpone the speech until 10 p.m. He wanted to wait and see whether

Barnett was going to keep his promises. When the President finally did go on camera, he was unsure about what was happening in Mississippi, and his uncertainty showed in his speech. But even if Kennedy had been at his most eloquent, it was too late to do any good. In a note of self-congratulation, he told his audience that "thus far" the Government had not used military force. But down in Mississippi, a long night's violence had already erupted.

A Length of Pipe. The crowd in front of the Lyceum had grown bigger and uglier. First it turned on newsmen in a face-punching, camera-smashing frenzy. Then up rolled the 60-man local National Guard unit. It was Troop E of the Second Reconnaissance Squadron of the 108th Armored Cavalry Division, under the command of Captain Murry C. Falkner, nephew of Oxford's late Novelist William Faulkner.

Enraged by the sight of Mississippi men arriving to aid the federal marshals, a man tried to set fire to a truck with a gasoline-soaked rag. Eggs came flying toward the marshals, then rocks. Out of the gathering darkness hurtled a length of metal pipe. It struck a marshal on the side of the helmet, stunning him. That was enough. "Let 'em have it!" yelled Chief Marshal James McShane. "Gas!" Tear-gas guns went off with metallic whoomp-filling the air with blinding mist. The crowd screamed and retreated. But the battle had only begun.

The planners of the federal operation had deliberately concentrated the main force of marshals at the Lyceum to divert any violence from Meredith, who was actually dozing fitfully on a cot in Baxter Hall. The stratagem worked. Although the mob, screaming, smashing and burning, surged all over the campus during the long night, the central and decisive contest was the siege of the Lyceum. The attackers used a deadly arsenal—stones, clubs, iron bars, bricks from construction sites, jagged hunks of concrete from smashed-up campus benches, gasoline bombs made of Coca-Cola bottles and paper wicks, shotguns, pistols, and rifles.

The defending marshals used only tear gas. Many of them had concealed pistols or riot guns, but Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, No. 2 man in the Justice Department and the man in command inside the Lyceum, ordered the marshals not to shoot so long as tear gas held the attackers off. Only once did the marshals fire bullets. When a group of students drove the campus fire truck up close and loosed a stream of water at the Lyceum, a band of marshals charged the truck and fired pistol bullets into the hose.

Around 11 p.m., the attackers brought up a bulldozer, attempted to batter their way into the Lyceum. On the first try it struck a tree and stalled. When it charged again, Marshal Albert Taylor of Chula Vista, Calif., led a counterattack, and a well-placed canister of tear gas forced the bulldozer's crew to abandon the machine.

Fighting valiantly beside the marshals all the while was Captain Falkner's Troop



PHALANX OF U.S. MARSHALS
...and the blinding mist of tear gas.

E. As Mississippi men, the guardsmen could hardly have felt much sympathy with the federal cause. But they did their duty unflinchingly, and before the night was out, 16 of them were wounded or injured, including Captain Falkner, who suffered two broken bones when a flying brick struck his arm.

Tense Vigil. Throughout the night, the defenders in the Lyceum remained in continuous telephone contact with Washington, where the President, his brother and a cluster of aides kept a tense vigil. Toward midnight, Katzenbach warned Washington that the defenders could not hold out much longer. But effective military help at last was on the way. At the Memphis Naval Air Station, Able Company of the 303d Military Police Battalion boarded Oxford-bound helicopters, and other MP detachments left the base by truck. At 2 a.m., Able Company rolled onto the campus in airlifted Jeeps. On the way to the Lyceum, attackers bombarded them with rocks and gasoline bombs, and they arrived with scorched vehicles and smashed windshields. The MPs lined up in front of the Lyceum, bayonets pointed skyward. The besiegers pushed toward them, hurling gasoline bombs, then fell back. Up ahead, in the eerie light of a burning automobile, a band of attackers went into a sort of war dance, emitting hysterical rebel yells. Slowly, silently, the MPs started pushing forward.

During the next few hours, additional military units poured into Oxford in a swelling tide that by early morning had engulfed the campus and the town. Shortly before 8 a.m., Marshal McShane and two other men accompanied Meredith in a car to the battered Lyceum to register. They met with no resistance. Meredith listed his academic goal as a degree in political science, claimed credits (from extension courses) that would enable him to get a degree in a year and a half.

The campus was a nightmarish shambles, strewn with wrecked vehicles, hunks



WOUNDED IN LYCEUM*
The necessary force came too late.

of concrete, countless tear-gas canisters, and the green chips of thousands of smashed Coke bottles. Oxford and its environs swarmed with soldiers—some 16,000 of them, more than the combined civilian population of town and university. As if making up for calling out troops belatedly, the Administration had finally called out far more than could possibly have been needed.

Death in the Dark. Two men had been killed, both of them noncombatants gunned down in the darkness of the campus. Paul Guihard, a French newspaperman representing Agence France-Presse, was shot in the back while covering the battle. An Oxford workman named Ray Guter was shot in the forehead while merely watching it. A total of 166 marshals, 10% of all those sent to Oxford suffered injuries or wounds, along with

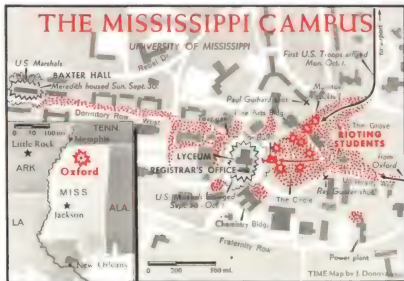
some 40 soldiers and National Guardsmen.

Most of the attackers, operating in darkness as members of a mob, escaped not only injury but arrest. Marshals and MPs took about 200 prisoners, but most of them were soon released for lack of solid evidence. Of those prisoners, only 24 were Ole Miss students; another score or so were students from other Mississippi colleges and from Southwestern at Memphis College. The rest, pretty seedy specimens, were intruders who had nothing to do with any university: A dozen of them, including men from Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee and Texas as well as Mississippi, were arraigned on charges of insurrection, seditious conspiracy and other serious offenses.

The only prisoner with a claim to fame was Edwin A. Walker. He had arrived in Mississippi the day before the battle, proclaiming that the court orders on Meredith were part of "the conspiracy of the crucifixion by Antichrist conspirators of the Supreme Court." On the night of the battle, he was observed by newsmen and a campus minister to be holding forth at a sort of informal command post. Every now and then somebody would run up to him and ask for military counsel. One man who got close to him reported that "there was a wild, dazed look in his eyes." Late that morning, soldiers at a roadblock arrested Walker as he was attempting to leave town in a car. He was arraigned on charges of insurrection and seditious conspiracy and sent to the U.S. prison and medical center in Springfield, Mo., for observation. At week's end he was released on \$50,000 bond.

The Other Lesson. Even before the battle was over, recriminations began ringing out. Governor Barnett put the blame for the violence on "inexperienced, nervous, trigger-happy" U.S. marshals, who, he

* At left, Associated Press Staffer W. C. Cridler, who remained in the Lyceum in the back.



said, started firing tear gas unnecessarily. But the mob had inflicted injuries on eight marshals before the first tear-gas gun was fired. The Kennedy Administration blamed Barnett, claiming that he failed to keep his promise to help maintain order. The state cops made no effort to disperse the gathering mob, and soon after the serious violence started they withdrew from the campus. Lieutenant Governor Paul Johnson later explained lamely that the police had to withdraw when the marshals started shooting tear-gas guns because the World War I-type police gas masks could not filter out tear gas.

Barnett was undoubtedly to blame both for failing to help preserve order, and for bringing on the crisis in the first place. So was the Ole Miss faculty, whose members timidly failed to make any seri-

advice to put Meredith on the campus on Sunday, before the TV speech, he enraged Mississippians, who looked upon the move as a kind of federal treachery.

Signs of Thaw. But despite all the mistakes, all the knavery, the hate and violence, Meredith was enrolled at Ole Miss. Justice was done. And soon afterward a sort of semi-normalcy began gradually returning to the campus and the town. At midweek the Pentagon began withdrawing troop units. Army Secretary Cyrus R. Vance issued an order sending home 8,000 of the 11,000 Mississippi National Guardsmen who had so recently been called into federal service. Voices of common sense and moderation began speaking up in Mississippi. The Ole Miss student body had been sobered to the extent that it put up surprisingly little protest when the Defense Department.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Cuba Debate

If the Soviet military buildup in Cuba has done nothing else, it has given rise to a significant and intensifying U.S. debate—one that might even lead to effective action some day.

For the Administration, Secretary of State Dean Rusk was last week's chief spokesman. At an "informal" Washington meeting, he earnestly urged to Latin American foreign ministers and representatives to recommend that their countries cut off all remaining trade with Cuba, take self-defense measures to combat Communist aggression or subversion from Cuba, restrict travel of their own citizens to Cuba for possible Communist indoctrination, and encourage "Cuban national liberation" groups in their nations.

At a White House luncheon, President Kennedy added to the argument. Said he to the Latin American ministers: "The American republics must act now to contain the expansion of Communism from Cuba, and also take those steps which will lead to the liberation of Cuba. The Communist Party seeks to establish a springboard for an attack on the entire hemisphere by subversion, by infiltration, by all the other rather obvious apparatus that the Communist system uses so effectively. Communism can be the death of this hemisphere."

After the luncheon, the ministers promptly plunged into their own debate—not over what they really should or could do about Cuba, but mainly over whether or not they should try to issue a communiqué. Although one was finally produced, it was hardly calculated to cause even one grey hair in Castro's beard. It recognized the obvious—that "the Sino-Soviet intervention in Cuba is an attempt to convert the island into an armed base for Communist penetration of the Americas and subversion of the democratic institutions of the hemisphere."

A Piece of Paper. What to do about it? The most the ministers could agree on was to intensify surveillance of arms shipments to Cuba "to prevent the secret accumulation in the island of arms that can be used for offensive purposes against the hemisphere." There were vague phrases about combating subversion. And there was outright rejection of direct action. "A military intervention of Communist powers in Cuba cannot be justified as a situation analogous to the defensive measures adopted in other parts of the free world in order to face Soviet imperialism." One U.S. aide summed it all up: "They unanimously agreed upon a piece of paper."

Rusk turned briefly, and perhaps more profitably, from a debate to a monologue. He told the ministers that the U.S. will close its ports to any ships—including those of its NATO allies—which carry cargoes of any type to Cuba, then seek return payloads from the U.S. Neither will the U.S. open its harbors to any government cargo, such as surplus food, to be carried on any ship owned by a firm engaged in Soviet-Cuba traffic. This, too,



MEREDITH REGISTERING
A hello drew a punch in the face.

ous effort to quiet down the students. And so was the Kennedy Administration.

President Kennedy could have learned one lesson from Eisenhower's performance in the Little Rock crisis: if forced to intervene, then intervene with sufficient force. That is what he did, and there was no death toll in Little Rock, nor any serious casualties. From the time of Meredith's first attempt to register under federal court orders, he was a sort of U.S. Government ward, accompanied by federal officials and transported in federal planes and cars. But not until hours after the attackers besieged the marshals in the Lyceum did Kennedy commit enough force to do the job. Even after Barnett personally blocked Meredith twice, the Administration tried a third time with the same demonstrably inadequate two-man escort. Each successive failure made Barnett more of a hero to segregationists. And when the President finally committed a force of too-odd marshals, which in turn proved to be inadequate, his timing was terrible: by following Barnett's

to forestall further violence, ordered the weekend homecoming game (Ole Miss v. Houston) shifted from Oxford to the stadium in Jackson, 170 miles away.

As the climate of violence receded, Meredith's campus guard shrank to three or even two marshals, without helmets or visible weapons, hovering discreetly in the background. Meredith even saw direct signs of thaw. As he climbed the steps of a classroom building on his third day of classes, a student seated on the steps said hello to him (the student later got punched in the face for his courtesy). In the cafeteria next day, a student from his home town of Kosciusko came over to his table and chatted with him briefly. And in a political science class, a student asked the instructor to tell Meredith that he was welcome to use the student's notes to catch up with the work he had missed because of his late registration.

But such signs may have been perilously deceptive. And it will be a long time before Meredith can safely walk around the campus with no escort at all.

would make it difficult for ships to pick up transatlantic loads in both directions—and one-way loads are not profitable. At week's end, unofficial negotiations for the release of Bay of Pigs invaders from Castro prisons approached a climax. However welcome, it would do nothing to loosen the Soviet grip on the island.

Not Castro's, but Khrushchev's. At non-Administration levels, the debate was far hotter. Connecticut's Democratic Senator Thomas Dodd, appearing on David Susskind's all-talk *Open End*, called bluntly for a blockade. "I don't call it Castro's Cuba," he said. "I call it Khrushchev's Cuba. I suggest we start with a partial blockade. If it isn't adequate, we move to a total one. How much of a threat does it have to become? How many lives will we have to pay to stop it? It would have taken very few in the beginning, some more later, many more now. I think it will be a catastrophe if it goes any further."

On the same program, Florida's Democratic Senator George Smathers argued that a blockade may not be enough, urged the recognition of a Cuban government-in-exile and the creation of a hemispheric military force, like NATO. "We have to have some program that is calculated to get rid of Communism in Cuba and we cannot do it by some sort of defensive blockade," said Smathers. "I think what we ought to do is just what we did in Europe, where we organized an admittedly military group of nations that felt about Communism just the way we did—that are prepared to fight and will fight."

New York's Republican Senator Jacob Javits, speaking to the U.S. Inter-American Council in Manhattan, said that a blockade or invasion of Cuba by the U.S. might eventually be needed, but urged first that President Kennedy call an emergency meeting of the Organization of American States to find out if it will act on Cuba. If it refuses (which it will), Javits said that an attempt should be made to establish a Caribbean defense organization.

Toward a Consensus. Whatever the final action, Javits emphasized that the alternatives are a legitimate subject of nationwide debate. "This does not mean that the President should inadvertently be pushed or rushed in exercising his great constitutional responsibility for the nation's foreign policy," he said. "But it does mean that officials like myself must express their views so that the national consensus, which will influence the President's policy, may be truly representative of the nation."

As a first step in a meaningful debate, Javits asked President Kennedy to "describe the seriousness of the Cuban crisis to the American people directly on national television and radio. I call upon him to be blunt not only with us but with his Administration. I call upon him to recognize the urgency plainly required by the situation. The American people are disturbed about the Cuban situation, disturbed as they have not been since the Korean war."

THE 87TH CONGRESS: A BALKY BEAST

THE 87th Congress tried desperately hard to die last week—and could not even make a success of that. Just as the members were getting ready to leave Washington for the year, two Democratic Senators raised objections that held the session over until this week. One was Georgia's Richard Russell, making a last-minute fight for a federal laboratory to grade peanuts at Dawson, Ga. The other was Florida's George Smathers, working to save a bill that would grant tax relief to self-employed persons who set up pension plans for themselves.

The lingering end was characteristic of the 87th's second session. This was still the overwhelmingly Democratic Congress of which President Kennedy recently boasted: "No Congress in recent years has made a record of progress and compassion to match this." But Kennedy must have been smiling through his tears as it slowly drew to a close. From an Administration viewpoint, the 87th in 1962 could only be considered an obstinate, balky, frequently frustrating beast. It gave Kennedy one great victory and a few smaller ones; it was marked by a great batch of half-loaf compromises; and it turned the Administration down cold on many of its key requests. The record:

SUCCESSES

The shining hour of the 87th came when it passed the best, boldest foreign trade bill in U.S. history, giving the President long-term authority to slash all tariffs by at least 50% and to remove many tariffs completely. At a time when the reciprocal trade laws born in the 1930s have been proved totally inadequate, the new bill was realistically aimed at enabling the U.S. to compete and thrive in the world's marketplace.

Beyond that, Congress agreed to help bail the United Nations out of the indebtedness incurred in its special operations in the Congo and Middle East by buying up to \$100 million in bonds, but not beyond the total purchased by all other U.N. member nations. It passed a three-year, \$435 million Administration program to retrain unemployed workers. After an embarrassing filibuster by Democratic Senate liberals, the Administration's plan to set up a private corporation to operate a communications satellite system was approved. After a mild Southern filibuster, Congress approved a constitutional amendment to outlaw poll taxes in federal elections, sent it on its lengthy route toward ratification by the states. With Berlin and Cuba still in the headlines, the Administration got all it really wanted for defense—and more: Congress insisted on au-

thorizing funds the President did not want for development of the RS-50 aircraft and the National Guard.

COMPROMISES

The Congress finally settled on \$3,928,000,000 for foreign aid—about \$950 million less than the Administration requested, and that only after a furious fuss that put the program's whole future in grave doubt. Agriculture Secretary Freeman's request for strict production controls over feed grains was killed in the House. But in a second round, Freeman salvaged a much milder bill; essentially, it extended present farm programs, but it did provide for mandatory controls over wheat production by 1964. A tax revision bill, of sorts, was passed, providing for a 7% income tax credit on new equipment purchased by businessmen. But where Kennedy had presented a package that would have netted the Government \$600 million in added revenue, a key provision for withholding taxes on interest and dividend payments was knocked out, and he got a bill that will cost the Government more than \$300 million.

The President asked for an \$800 million increase in postal rates, had to accept a \$600 million package, and this revenue gain was more than offset by a \$1 billion increase in federal employee pay raises. Kennedy got a special \$500 million anti-recession public works program; but he had asked for \$2 billion, and the Congress refused him stand-by authority to put the plan in effect whenever he pleased.

FAILURES

The Administration's top-priority domestic proposal, the emotion-charged plan for medical aid to the aged under social security, died dismally in the Senate, where Democrats held a two-thirds majority. Blocked in a House committee, frowned on by Harry Byrd's Senate Finance Committee, the bill was sent directly to the Senate floor as a rider on a welfare bill. The strategy was to get it approved in the Senate, force House members to answer a roll call on it, thus make it a big issue in the congressional elections. Enough Senators resented this tactic to kill it. Kennedy's plan for a Department of Urban Affairs died because of similar tactics. Despite all of the Administration's demands a year ago for federal aid to general education, no attempt was even made to pass the bill this year. A measure for college scholarships and certain college construction passed both houses, but a conference committee compromise was rejected by the House in a continuing controversy over the inclusion of religious institutions.

POLITICS

Signs in Cincinnati

President Kennedy invaded hostile political territory last week—and didn't care one bit for the reception he got. In generally Republican Ohio, some 12,000 persons gathered in Cincinnati's Fountain and Government squares to hear him. But there were remarkably few of the cheers and admiring squeals to which the President has grown accustomed. Indeed, as Kennedy was introduced there were scattered boos.

Smack in front of his trailer platform, bold signs challenged him. "How long, Mr. Kennedy, how long?" asked one. "Less profile, more courage, blockade Cuba," read another. "O.K., we licked Mississippi, now how about Cuba?"

Yes or No? Pointing at the signs, Kennedy tossed aside his text, scowled angrily, and declared in a voice made husky by a cold: "Those who believe in a strong country must recognize that it is here at home we first must be strong. We have increased our Army from eleven to 16 divisions in the last 20 months. This last Administration ignored Latin America for eight years, and we paid the price. This Administration, in the Alliance for Progress and in the OAS, has worked to make it possible for democratic institutions to flourish in Latin America, which is far more important than all the speeches and all the signs."

Kennedy turned back to his main political pitch, a theme that he hopes will help re-elect such hard-pressed Democratic candidates as Ohio's Governor Michael Di Salle. "The Republicans have made the word no a political program," he cried. He banged the rostrum with his fist. "I believe in the word yes."

Earlier, on arrival at the Greater Cincinnati Airport, across the Ohio River in Kentucky, Kennedy blamed the shortcomings of the expiring 87th Congress on the Republicans. "I have spent the last two years on issue after issue affecting the welfare of the people of Kentucky and the welfare of the people of this country, and seen us win issue after issue by three or four votes, or seen us lose issue after issue by one or two votes in the House or the Senate. Eighty percent of the Republicans in the House voted against a minimum wage of \$1.25 an hour. I can tell you what we stand for, but I challenge anyone to tell us what the Republican Party stands for in 1963."

Warmth in the North. From chilly Ohio, Kennedy happily moved north into the much warmer political climate of Michigan, where some 100,000 persons lined the streets to welcome him. There, and in Minnesota, where he wound up his three-day tour, the leapers and shriekers were back, and his charges of Republican obstructionism inspired great applause.

In Detroit, Flint and Muskegon, Kennedy seemed to enjoy battling for the underdog Democratic Governor John Swainson against Republican George Romney. Scorning Romney's attempts to lure Democratic votes, Kennedy drew cheers with

the quip: "One of the most interesting political phenomena of our time is to see Republican candidates in various states who run for office and say 'elect the man.' You can't find the word Republican on their literature—and I don't blame them." A different kind of sign greeted Kennedy in Detroit. Said one: "Congratulations J.F.K. on Mississippi Stand."

Reversed Roles

It had been a folksy campaign talk, pleasantly short. The voters who had gathered in the United Congregational Christian Church of Conneaut, Ohio, picked up their coffee and cake, looked around to chat with the candidate. He was not in sight. Newsmen, along to report the gubernatorial campaign in one of the nation's key races, finally found Republican James Allen Rhodes, 53, dribbling a basketball in the church gym.



DI SALLE & RHODES
A contrast in shape and attitude.

"How much do you weigh, Jim?" asked a reporter. "Oh, about 193." "Di Salle's got you beat—he weighs 208." "Yes," replied the 6-ft. Rhodes, rubbing his stomach. "but I'm in better shape."

Challenging the Challenger. Anatomically, and politically, Rhodes does seem to be in better shape than elliptical Democratic Governor Michael Di Salle, 54. So far Rhodes has succeeded in reversing the ordinary order of political candidacy, in which the incumbent stands calmly on his record and the challenger moves like mad, making all sorts of promises and—if nothing else works—just criticizing.

Rhodes is conducting a low-key campaign in which he takes to the stump only a few times a week, holds no press conferences, rarely mentions Di Salle, refuses to face him in debate. Di Salle, on the other hand, has stomped every one of the state's 88 counties, visited some 150 towns he had never seen before, and is eager to draw Rhodes into any sort of head-on

clash. Playing the role of challenger rather than incumbent, he has listed 32 questions that he wants Rhodes to answer. Example: "Will you support public-school education at existing state levels, lower levels, or higher levels?" Complains Di Salle: "Ordinarily it is the incumbent who opposes debates, so as not to give the challenger exposure. I want to give Rhodes exposure."

Rhodes has considerable cause for confidence. Di Salle was elected Governor by a smashing 454,000-vote margin in 1958. But ever since he has been burying himself beneath his own political problems. Determined to upgrade Ohio's highway, education and mental-health programs, Di Salle persuaded a Democratic legislature to raise state taxes by some \$310 million during his first two years in office. Corporations, motorists, bar patrons, smokers were among those who got hit hardest where it hurts most. Gas-station attendants would collect from a driver and quip: "That's \$3—\$2.50 for me and 50¢ for Di Salle." In 1960, Ohio's voters made it plain what they thought about the whole business. Di Salle was a pre-eminent Kennedy supporter, and in Ohio the presidential issue was less Kennedy vs. Nixon than Di Salle vs. the voters. Nixon won over Kennedy by 170,000 votes, and Republican majorities were elected in the Ohio house and senate.

From almost that moment, tubby, quippy Mike Di Salle seemed a changed man. He quarreled with everyone. He submitted a huge budget without giving a hint about how the money could be raised to meet it; he vetoed one whole appropriations package passed by the legislature. He got into a fruitless fuss with Ray Miller, Cleveland's Democratic boss. For a while he said that he would not seek reelection, changed his mind, beat Attorney General Mark McElroy in the primary by a bare 33,000 votes.

Just Reasonable. Rhodes, meanwhile, was gaining a reputation as a political independent who might attract many Democrats. Elected mayor of Columbus in 1943, he proved a sound administrator through nine years in the office. He moved up to state auditor in 1953, was soundly whipped by Democrat Frank Lausche when he ran for Governor in 1954, was re-elected to his third term as auditor by a remarkable 700,000 votes in 1960. While Rhodes remained aloof from the state G.O.P. organization, he nursed his personal public relations, turned a room next to his private office into a statehouse reporters' lounge stocked with coffee, cheese and peanut-butter sandwiches.

Against Rhodes's I'm-ahead-so-you've-got-to-come-get-me tactics, Di Salle has only recently come out of his sulks. At his best he is very effective, with a combination of good humor and emotion that can swing votes. He tackles the touchy issue of his tax increases squarely. "The highway worker complains about the gasoline tax," Di Salle tells his audiences. "But he still has his job and is building more highways, isn't he? The schoolteacher complains about the sales tax, but she is making a better salary, isn't she?"

So far, Rhodes has remained noncommittal on taxes. When pressed, he still replies: "I will make my position clear as the campaign progresses." He has issued five "white papers" calling for such programs as a new industrial-development authority financed by \$100 million in revenue bonds ("at no cost to the taxpayer"); "golden age" villages for people over 65 now in state institutions (also financed by revenue bonds); a \$150 million expansion of the state universities (from surplus capital funds). His closest approach to an attack upon Di Salle is his mild observation that "the attitude of the elected official must be reasonable."

A month or so ago, almost everyone in Ohio agreed that Rhodes was a cinch to win. As of last week, the consensus was that Rhodes was still ahead—but by no means a cinch.

Mismatch

"The worst mismatch since the Liston-Patterson fight," cried an exultant Republican. Many California Democrats sadly assented. Lured reluctantly into a statewide TV debate with Republican Richard Nixon, California's Democratic Governor Pat Brown discovered last week that in a head-on clash he was a dub.

At air time, Brown launched a grim defense of his administration amid nervous pauses to consult notes. Nixon shunned notes and, in his own opener, took gleefully to the attack. The pressure (frazzled Brown); he answered a question about welfare payments for unwed mothers by earnestly outlining the plight of "mothers deserted by their fathers."

Whenever a newsman's question was calculated to put Nixon on the defensive, he adroitly turned it into an attack on Brown. Thus, there came a question about a \$205,000 loan made in 1956 to Nixon's mother by the Hughes Tool Co., a giant defense contractor. The loan, which went to support the ailing grocery and restaurant business of Nixon's brother Donald, was made secretly through a Hughes attorney and secured by a filling-station lot owned by Nixon's mother in hometown Whittier. Donald went broke the following year, and the filling station property—on which a commercial lender had offered to put up only \$42,000—was accepted by Hughes in full settlement of the debt.

Was it "morally and ethically proper" for Nixon, who was then Vice President, to condone such an arrangement? Said Nixon: "I have made mistakes, but I am an honest man." Then he quickly cast Brown as the heavy, charged that though Kennedy in 1960 had refused to "make a political issue out of my brother's difficulties," Brown and his "hatchmen" were conducting a whispering campaign about it. Now, challenged Nixon, "Governor Brown has a chance to stand up as a man and charge me with misconduct. Do it, sir." Caught off guard, Brown retreated in haste, virtually apologized to his opponent and assured him that any talk of the Hughes loan had been only "casual conversation."



SEELY-BROWN



RIBICOFF

In the microcosm that has everything...

Tumbling All Over

Political analysts just love Connecticut. They think of it as a sort of microcosm, if only because it has a little bit of everything: dreary industrial cities, picturesque towns and superb suburbia. It has a certain amount of agriculture—if tough turkeys, and apples used mostly for bland cider, can be counted. It has roughly 360,000 registered Democrats, 360,000 registered Republicans and 600,000 independents—and the analysts adore independents. Connecticut is small but heavily populated; at its widest stretch, it is less than 100 miles across; within its modest boundaries live some 3,300,000 people. And this year the candidates for major public office are tumbling all over each other as they travel the state.

The contenders in the two top races: Democrat Abe Ribicoff, 52, and Republican Horace Seely-Brown Jr., 54, running for the Senate seat being vacated by retiring Republican Prescott Bush; and Democratic Governor John Dempsey, 47, who is challenged by Republican John Alsop, 47.

Abe & the Potholder Man. Last week in West Hartford, Representative Seely-Brown slung a paper boy's sack over his shoulder, rang doorbells, chatted briefly with the housewife, then handed out a brown-and-white potholder bearing the words: "Seely-Brown for U.S. Senator." Making a bee-line for the next bell, he explained: "People throw campaign cards and buttons away. They keep potholders in their kitchens. A housewife will remember anyone who takes the time to

knock on her door and give her something for her kitchen."

Getting himself remembered is the major problem for husky Horace. For after six terms in the House, he has pitted himself against one of the most formidable vote-getters in Connecticut political history. Ribicoff, who resigned last June as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare to run for the Senate, is an ex-Congressman (1949 to 1953), was elected Governor in 1953 and re-elected four years later by 246,000 votes, the biggest margin on record in a Connecticut gubernatorial contest. Says Ribicoff of Seely-Brown: "Who knows him? Go around and ask people. They know who I am. They never call me Mr. Ribicoff. They call me Abe because they like me."

They are also getting to like Seely-Brown, if only because they are getting to know him through his tireless potholder campaigning. As for actual issues, Ribicoff is running hard on the Administration's medicare bill. "I had to sit in the Senate gallery and watch medicare defeated," says Ribicoff. "One Senate vote would have made the difference. I want to be that vote." For his part, Seely-Brown favors medical care for the aged, but he fears that the Administration's proposal for financing it through social security could bankrupt the whole retirement system. He concentrates his fire on Ribicoff's job jumping, from the governorship to HEW and now to the Senate campaign—all within two years. "Ribicoff made too fast a turn-around," says Seely-Brown. "If he gets into the Senate, maybe he won't like that, and he'll go after some-



DEMPESEY



ALSOPI

... wooing voters with everything, including potholders and Band-Aids.

thing else. I've never run away from any job, nor out on any job."

John & John. Against Democratic Governor Dempsey, a bluff veteran in Connecticut politics, Republican Alsop also has the problem of establishing his own image. Outside Connecticut, his name is more famed than Dempsey's; he is, after all, the brother of Pundits Joseph and Stewart Alsop. John makes the least of this. During one recent campaign trek through a supermarket, a lady gushed to him about how much she had enjoyed reading *Stew's Saturday Evening Post* piece—"My Brother Runs for Governor." Replied John dryly: "Wasn't it nice of him to write it?"

Much of Alsop's campaign has been conducted in similar humor. Thus a factory worker in Litchfield, having just received a political leaflet from the candidate's own hand, sneered: "I guess you're for God, motherhood and country, ain't you?" Retorted Alsop: "That's right. And I'm also against man-eating sharks." An hour later, Alsop approached a suburban housewife near Torrington and said: "Have one of my biographies, madam. There's not a lie in it. A few exaggerations, perhaps, but not one lie."

Refreshing as such techniques may be, there is some doubt about how many votes they may win. But Alsop is also campaigning on a serious state issue. He argues that Ribicoff, when Governor, and Dempsey increased state taxes by \$122 million, even while increasing the state deficit by \$744 million.

Dempsey cites a string of achievements in education, job retraining, highways, and attracting nuclear research industries, calls his opponent's charges "Alsop's Fables." Alsop's retort: fabled Fabler Alsop was put to death by the citizens of Delphi for refusing to distribute money to them—because he found them grasping and greedy.

It remains for both the Republican candidates to overcome the great, voting-getting name of Abe Ribicoff; he is favored to beat Seely-Brown, and he might well carry Dempsey along with him. In that sense, a story doing the Connecticut rounds is appropriate. Alsop, pulling a switch on Seely-Brown's potholder campaign, is passing out Band-Aids with his name imprinted on them; other candidates are passing out G.O.P. cookbooks. An elderly lady brewed a Republican stew, took it off the stove with a Seely-Brown potholder and badly burned herself. She put an Alsop Band-Aid on the wound. Then she called Abe Ribicoff to ask about medicare.

Polls

► Pollster Sam Lubell, conducting a door-to-door survey of eleven Michigan precincts, found that one of every five voters who went for Democratic Governor John Swainson in 1960 now plans to support Republican George Romney. Those figures, if projected, would indicate a sizable Romney victory. But a new Detroit News poll reported that Romney's lead over Swainson was narrowing, now stood at a breathless 49.7% to 49.5%.

► California's Field poll, surveying the gubernatorial race between Republican Dick Nixon and Democrat Pat Brown, cautiously concluded that either could lose. With Brown ahead in northern California and Nixon leading slightly in populous southern counties, a poll of the 80% of registered voters "most likely to vote" showed 48% for Brown, 44% for Nixon—and 8% still undecided.

► The Minneapolis Tribune's Minnesota poll showed Incumbent Republican Governor Elmer L. Andersen with a slim edge in his bid for a second term over Democratic-Farmer-Labor Lieutenant Governor Karl Roalvaag. After lagging well behind Roalvaag in August, Andersen now had support from 50% of the state's "most likely voters." To Roalvaag's 47%.

► The Gallup poll, sampling opinion in congressional races throughout the U.S., found the Democrats ahead 57% to 43%. In the 1960 congressional elections, the Democrats took 55.3% of the actual vote, won 263 House seats; Republicans got 44.7% and 174 seats.

LABOR

"A Great Weariness"

Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers, and Herbert V. Kohler, head of Kohler Co., one of the nation's biggest manufacturers of plumbing fixtures, are two stubborn men. In April 1954, Reuther's U.A.W. walked out of the Kohler plant in Sheboygan, Wis. Last week, after fighting it out for 8½ years in the longest and one of the most bitter strikes in U.S. history, the two antagonists finally reached a settlement.

The U.A.W. could claim a victory of sorts. The union established its right to bargain with Kohler, was backed up by the National Labor Relations Board and the courts, and won a contract that was somewhat more generous about fringe benefits and union security than the one in effect in 1954.

But the union paid dearly for its victory. In all, the U.A.W. poured more than \$12 million into a fight that included a nationwide boycott of the company's products, which was only partially successful. What is more, no one can put a price tag on the bitterness that was engendered among union members during the early years of the struggle. Kohler managed to keep open for all but the first two months of the strike by hiring nonunion labor. The lure of the paycheck persuaded many men to quit the U.A.W. and go back to work. In dozens of U.A.W. homes in Sheboygan, one man returned to Kohler—and found himself the enemy of his father and brother.

By last week, for one reason or another, most of the hate had ebbed away. Over the years, hundreds of workers had simply packed up and left Sheboygan. Those who remained—union men and company officials alike—seemed heartily sick of the whole mess. "There is a great weariness with the matter," said City Editor Carl Fiedler of the Sheboygan Press after the settlement was announced. "There was very little reaction. In fact, I'd say there was hardly any at all."

RIVERS

Competition for the Catfish

It rises as a cold, clear mountain torrent in Colorado. It dwindles and almost dies while crossing the Kansas plains. Fed by tributaries, it meanders in great twists and turns through Oklahoma and Arkansas. It is one of America's muddiest rivers. Because of its sewage, silt and salt, the water is not fit for swimming, drinking or irrigation. In fact, the 1,450-mile Arkansas River is good only for the huge channel catfish, which have literally pulled fishermen into its muck.

But all this will change. Under way in the Arkansas basin is one of the most costly river-development programs in U.S. history. To be completed in 1970, the





CAPTAIN PEET AT THE COMMAND INFORMATION CENTER
Instead of a potato, modern paintings.

project will spend \$1.2 billion (against \$1 billion for the St. Lawrence Seaway) to create a navigable channel 9 ft. deep with a width of 150-250 ft. all the way from the Mississippi 516 miles west to the town of Catoosa, Okla.

Looking Up. At the moment, Catoosa (pop. 613) has neither a water nor a sewage system. Most of its streets are unpaved. Many of its stores are abandoned. No passenger trains stop at the forlorn depot; no freight has been moved out since a local coal mine shut down a year or so ago. Catoosa is not even on the Arkansas, which passes 15 miles away at Tulsa. But the river at Tulsa is so impossible that engineers threw up their hands, decided to branch off the Arkansas and dredge their channel up the Verdigris River, a tributary, to Catoosa. Things are already looking up for Catoosa: North American Aviation has bought several hundred acres for a possible plant site.

The project should do as much or more for the impoverished, scantily settled areas of western Arkansas. The Ozark region of hillbilly fame. There, in towns such as Dardanelle (pop. 2,098) and Houston (pop. 206), barefoot youngsters ride bareback through the dirt streets and the old folks rock on their front porches and wave at the infrequent cars passing through. In Perry County, where the population is just nine people per square mile, the Toad Suck Ferry, a side-wheeler operated by the state, moves lazily from willowed bank to willowed bank.

Cheaper by Water. To shore up the sandy, crumbling banks of the Arkansas, the project will spend \$18.5 million alone on dikes and retaining walls. To control the silt, two large dams will be built on major tributaries to the Arkansas: the Eufaula on the Canadian River and the Oologah on the Verdigris. Finally, to make the shallow, shifting Arkansas navigable, engineers will build a series of 18 locks and dams along the 516-mile route including the \$20 million Dardanelle lock and dam (see map).

When the project is completed, oil and coal from Oklahoma and bauxite from central Arkansas will move to market by

water. Shippers will save as much as \$2.30 a ton on rock phosphate, 13¢ a bushel on wheat, up to \$10 a ton on steel compared to present rail rates. In all, the Corps of Engineers estimates that the rebuilt Arkansas River will carry 13 million tons of cargo at an annual savings of \$40 million under train costs.

Nimble Logroller. This is the kind of growth Oklahoma's Democratic Senator Robert S. Kerr vowed the project would bring to the region when he set out to sell the program to a skeptical Senate. As chairman of the Senate's Rivers and Harbors Subcommittee, Kerr had plenty of logrolling power to win over colleagues who wanted dams and dikes for their own states.

Fortnight ago, Kerr climbed into the seat of a snorting bulldozer and broke ground near Muskogee, Okla., for a \$7,000,000 harbor that will be built to handle future traffic on the broad stream that now dawdles by. Declared Kerr: "I can see an area developing which can take its place in the sun of modern America developing an economy that will be the finest the people in this valley have ever known." As Kerr rhapsodized about the future, a lone fisherman in a flat-bottomed boat drifted by on the Arkansas, angling for catfish.

ARMED FORCES An Elegant Young Lady

The U.S.S. *Bainbridge* was steaming up the Yangtze River in 1912 when Commodore Mark Hersey got a desperate message to hurry below. He found a crewman with his fist in a hole in the side of the ship—holding back the Yangtze's waters. While scraping paint, the sailor had punched a hole clear through the tinny sides of America's first destroyer. Recalls Hersey: "We stuffed a potato in the hole, covered it with concrete and prayed."

At Quincy, Mass., last week the Navy celebrated the 60th anniversary of the construction of the original *Bainbridge* by commissioning a namesake that is totally unlike any other U.S. destroyer ever to hit the waves. The new *Bainbridge* is the



U.S.S. BAINBRIDGE UNDER WAY

latest member of the Navy's small fleet of atom-powered vessels. The first *Bainbridge* could make it just once across the Atlantic on a full load of coal; two-thirds of her sailors did nothing but stoke the boilers. On a single fueling of its reactor the new *Bainbridge* will be able to cruise 180,000 miles at top speed—considerably over 30 knots.

With no smokestacks, the *Bainbridge* looks more like a sleek runabout than a warship. Oil-fueled destroyers are soon coated above and below deck with grease and grime, but the *Bainbridge* is as clean as an operating room. White linen curtains flutter at the portholes in the wardroom. The cabin for visiting admirals is decorated with artificial yellow roses. Contemporary paintings, presents from the Bethlehem Steel Co., which built the ship, hang in the ship's cabins and wardrooms.

The crew is as modern as the ship. Captain Raymond E. Peet, 41, an Annapolis graduate ('43) with a master of science degree from M.I.T., was one of the officers hand-picked and trained by Admiral Hyman Rickover to operate the nuclear Navy. During World War II, Peet was a gunnery officer in Admiral Arleigh Burke's famed "Little Beaver" squadron of destroyers in the Pacific. Later he was Burke's aide for two years, when the man who handled a destroyer like a hot rod became Chief of Naval Operations. To get ready for the *Bainbridge*, Peet had a year of special training—as did all the other 400 officers and sailors.

Prime mission of the 8,000-ton *Bainbridge* will be antisubmarine warfare; the ship bristles with special torpedoes and rockets to hunt out the underwater enemy. But the destroyer is also armed with antiaircraft Terrier missiles, may be used as an escort. This ship is really a task force in herself, says Captain Peet. She's an elegant young lady.

THE WORLD

FRANCE

The Fall of Parliament

The Algeria problem was out of the way. The threat of S.A.O. terror had been subdued. Finally France's politicians found their courage. For years the lot of them had howled for De Gaulle's head, but only now did they decide that it was safe to try to bring him down. As a result, in the next six weeks Charles de Gaulle will be fighting for his political life.

In a sense De Gaulle provoked the revolt himself, by his plan to change the constitution of the Fifth Republic so that future French Presidents would be elected by popular vote rather than by a privileged electorate of 80,000 parliamentarians and municipal and departmental officials. To bring about this change, De Gaulle decided to bypass Parliament and take the issue directly to the people in a referendum scheduled for Oct. 28.

On television one afternoon last week, De Gaulle warned that unless he got the massive support he wanted, he might abandon France to the political and economic disarray from which he had rescued it in 1958. Cried De Gaulle: "The weight and influence of France, so recently considered the 'sick man of Europe,' are recognized today throughout the world!" Taking personal credit—with good reason—for France's present political stability, sound money and favorable trade balance, he said: "For myself, each yes that you give me will be proof of your confidence and your encouragement. It is your response that will tell me whether I can and whether I should pursue my task in the service of France."

Short Shrift. Soon after De Gaulle went off the air, Parliament assembled in an angry mood. In speech after speech, Deputies warned against the risk of dictatorship, reminding France that direct presidential elections in 1948 resulted in the seizure of power by Bonaparte's nephew, Louis Napoleon. A motion of censure was passed, charging De Gaulle with "violating the constitution of which he is the guardian, and thus opening a breach through which an adventurer might some day pass to overthrow the Republic and suppress liberty."

Long-divided Socialists, Radicals, Popular Republicans and right-wing Independents, who had all opposed De Gaulle for his policy on Europe and on defense, and particularly for whittling away parliamentary prerogatives, were now in eager coalition. They were attacking the "stablest government that France has had in this century, having themselves provided very nearly the worst; many of De Gaulle's opponents had served as revolving-door Premiers in the disastrous Fourth Republic—Antoine Pinay for nine months, Pierre Mendes-France for eight months, Pierre Pflimlin for 17 days.

Even Veteran Paul Reynaud, 84, who had first brought De Gaulle into govern-

ment service in the desperate days of 1940, tongue-lashed his former protégé. "Why have we got into this state of intellectual chaos?" Reynaud demanded. "It is because General de Gaulle wants to heap together the honors of the chief of state and the powers of the Prime Minister, to be Churchill and King George VI, Adenauer and Lübke." Earlier, Reynaud had pettishly told friends: "He can't do this to me, the first Gaullist of all." Ex-Premier Guy Mollet, the Socialist chief who had been instrumental in bringing De Gaulle back to power in 1958, snapped, "They are presenting us with an image of the constitution so badly deformed that it is unrecognizable."

Early to Bed. With Assembly President Jacques Chaban-Delmas wielding a weary gavel, the end came in the classic



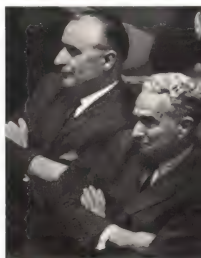
CHABAN-DELMAS AT ROSTRUM



REYNAUD



MOLLET
No to Napoleon.



EX-PREMIER POMPIDOU*
Yes for a hero.

parliamentary tradition of France: an all-night debate in the Assembly, testy Deputies exchanging insults, clamorous calls for order, and the final parade of parliamentarians from their red-plush benches down to the Speaker's tribune to vote on the overwhelming censure of De Gaulle's hand-picked Premier Georges Pompidou. Only 172 of the 176 members of De Gaulle's own party, U.N.R., and 28 other Deputies stuck with the government. The decisive 241st vote was cast by the Communist Deputy and party boss, Maurice Thorez.

The only traditional ritual missing was Pompidou's ride through darkened Paris streets to awaken the President and present his government's resignation. De Gaulle, indifferent to the revolt of Parliament, went early to bed and left word that he was not to be disturbed. Next day—still ignoring the crisis, De Gaulle went to the Compiègne forest in eastern France

Star at right: Louis Joxe, ex-Minister for Agriculture

to view the most extensive army maneuvers since 1938. "Here it's another universe," said De Gaulle expansively, as he chatted with officers and men in the first major effort to make the French Army forget the disastrous colonial past and accept the European future.

After returning from Compiègne, De Gaulle finally acknowledged the vote of censure by ordering the dissolution of the National Assembly in accordance with the constitution; this means that new elections will be held next month.

Ceremonial Chaos. De Gaulle has a fair chance of winning the referendum on the presidency because he cares deeply about the issue, and is putting his entire prestige behind it. But he may lose the election, particularly if he stays aloof from the campaign, as he well may. His followers have urged him to hold the referendum and the election at the same time, but he has refused, not wanting to mix what he considers a great constitutional issue involving France's future with mere party politics; he even seems to have little interest in supporting his own U.N.R. candidates at the polls.

In the election, the opposition parties may further reduce the U.N.R.'s present 176-member strength by forming a united front against the Gaullists in certain districts. In the new Assembly, the opposition may therefore be able instantly to vote another motion of censure against De Gaulle or deny him funds. In that case, the President might resign and go home to Colombey as he did in 1946, or he might learn to compromise with Parliament. Theoretically he could also invoke Article 16 of the constitution, which enables the President to rule by decree, reducing the Assembly to impotence.

De Gaulle's followers have no program—only a hero. De Gaulle's opponents can certainly make a case that the presidential system he proposes, unlike the U.S. system, would concentrate too much power in the hands of the executive. But, fatally, they have no alternative. During four years of criticizing De Gaulle, the opposition leaders have produced no ideas of their own on how France might be governed with both freedom and stability. They offer nothing more than the old parliamentary system, a return to the articulate anarchy, the ceremonial chaos, of the Fourth Republic.

GREAT BRITAIN

"Even If You Win, You'll Lose"

In his seven years as leader of the Opposition, Hugh Gaitskell has fought hard to make the squabbling, divided socialists fit to govern. Last week, for the first time, he finally won the support of a virtually united, confident Labor Party. But he did so by taking a shortsighted, narrow-minded stand on the vital issue of British entry into the Common Market—a stand that ranges Gaitskell alongside the most object left-wingers in his own party and the most bullheaded jingoists on the Tory side. As he prepared to lead his party

into a general election that may be less than a year away, it looked as if Labor had already forfeited its chance—if not its right—to return to power.

Road to Isolation. Long before last week's annual Labor Party conference, there had been signs that Gaitskell, after a year of increasingly uncomfortable fence-sitting, had decided to come out against the Common Market. But as he rose in the vast seaside sports stadium at Brighton, he astonished his socialist "brothers" by the passion of his 84-minute speech. The middle-road intellectuals and union leaders who have shared his views and fought his battles sat back in ashen-faced disgust as Gaitskell, longtime champion of NATO and other internationalist policies, piped the party down the road to timorous isolation from Europe. Hugh Gaitskell's fiercest foes, the leftists who still repeat the late Aneurin Bevan's taunt that he is "a desiccated calculating machine," led tumultuous rounds of applause for every backward step he took.

"Are we forced to go into Europe?" cried Gaitskell. "No. Would we necessarily be stronger economically if we go in, and weaker if we stay out? No." On strictly economic grounds, argued one-time economics don Gaitskell, "the argument is no more than evenly balanced."

Remember Vimy Ridge. Sounding even more anti-Market than the Commonwealth Prime Ministers last month, Gaitskell argued that British entry "means the end of Britain as an independent national state. It means the end of 1,000 years of history. It means the end of the Commonwealth. For how could we serve as the center of the Commonwealth when we had become a province of Europe?" More and more resembling a Tory empire-first, Gaitskell drew massive applause by reminding the party of the Commonwealth's support in two World Wars. "We at least," he intoned, "do not intend to forget Vimy Ridge® and Gallipoli."

Gaitskell wound up by demanding a general election if the Labor Party, as "the alternative government of the country," decides that the final safeguards for Commonwealth trade are inadequate. Though his speech neither endorsed nor rejected the threat, left-wing firebrands have warned that if Labor comes to power after the Tory government has already brought Britain into Europe on unsatisfactory terms, it might even take the unprecedented constitutional step of repudiating the agreement. Nonetheless, Gaitskell insisted piously: "We do not close the door. Our conditions can still be met. I still hope for a change in heart in Europe that will make that possible."

Back from the Wilderness. This was poppycock, Gaitskell's "conditions" were either impossible or meaningless. He professed to want better entry terms for Britain, but he knows well that the terms so far agreed to by the government add

up to the best possible deal that could be obtained from the Six. Next, Gaitskell said he wanted a more precise spelling-out of certain agreements, but he knows that they cannot be detailed as yet because they involve complex policies, notably on farm prices, which the European Community itself has not finally formulated. Signed a Labor front-bencher: "Hugh has already rolled up the map of Europe."

To many, Gaitskell's move seemed like unalloyed opportunism, even though his friends—until last week at least—have always maintained that "Gaiters" is a man of incorruptible integrity. Opportunist or not, Gaitskell is now convinced that after eleven years in the wilderness, the Labor Party can ride back into power on a tide of opposition to the Common Market. Though a Daily Telegraph Gallup poll reported last week that 46% of Britons will support Britain's Common Market membership if it is in the nation's



HUGH GAITSKELL & "BROTHERS"
Yes to mediocrity, no to mettle.

best interest—a gain of 2% since the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference last month—Labor believes that the anti-Marketters will ultimately include the 24% don't-know vote.

Comfort for Communists. The outcome of Gaitskell's gamble is largely up to the government, which can wait as long as two years before calling a general election. Harold Macmillan's present aim is to wrap up Britain's membership terms around the New Year and open the package for debate in Parliament early next spring. If the Tories and the Market-minded Liberal Party solidly favor admission on these terms, the government will put through a bill passing them into law and call an election in late 1963 or early 1964, while the nation is still buoyed

® Another politician who remembers Vimy: Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, whose Guards' regiment was all but wiped out at nearby Loos.

® From left: Deputy Leader George Brown, Gaitskell, Conference Chairman Harold Wilson, General Secretary Len Williams.

up by Macmillan's "great adventure." Alternatively, if the price of admission threatens to disrupt the Tory Party and stirs a loud enough outcry from country and Commonwealth, Macmillan is prepared to take the issue to the nation rather than invite later repudiation of its agreements by a Labor government.

The battle was joined. Gaitskill's words had hardly fluttered into print when Macmillan, setting a prime-ministerial precedent, issued a 5,000-word pamphlet stating his own arguments for joining Europe. Dismissing Gaitskill's plaint that Britain will be a mere province of Europe, the Prime Minister retorted that joining the Continent will "not alter the position of the Crown, nor rob our Parliament of its essential powers, nor deprive our law courts of their authority in our domestic life." The government, meanwhile, may actually benefit from Gaitskill's retreat from Europe. It should push many Tory waverers back into line at the Conservative conference this week, and will cost Labor much of its hard-won support from younger voters; no issue in modern times has so clearly ranged the sedate and the mediocre against the able and mettlesome.

A prophecy was recalled: alarmed by Gaitskill's strictures against the Six in Brussels last July, Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak, one of the Common Market's founding fathers, told him "Even if you win with this position, you'll lose three times over later." Said tough astute Herbert Wehner, deputy chairman and top ideologue of West Germany's socialist party last week: "What happened at Brighton is the kind of thing that keeps Soviet hopes alive that the West can be divided after all."



MINISTER MARPLES & TRANSPORT
How not to rush at rush hour.



ADENAUER & WOULD-BE HEIR AT FUNERAL²
How to get one more year.

A Lovely, Lovely Strike

All Britain was braced for the expected shock. At Scotland Yard a special control center was set up to coordinate minute-by-minute reports from an armada of police cars. Squadrons of spotter planes stood fueled and ready for take-off. Said Transport Minister Ernest Marples: "We kept going during the blitz, and we shall keep going now."

Cause of the crisis: a 24-hour rail strike called in protest against a government modernization plan that will mean the elimination of twelve huge repair shops and 18,000 jobs. In London on the eve of the strike, thousands prepared to walk to work. To spare commuting executives, major firms booked every available hotel room. Big banks chartered buses to haul workers, and one Regent Street store collected its staff in furniture vans. The Foreign Office simply provided mattresses, suggesting that staffers might want to sleep in.

As strike day dawned bright and clear, many suburban workers bolted from the breakfast table with their kippers uneaten and their cuppas undrunk. To their surprise, there was no need at all to rush. As it turned out, the heaviest road traffic was not going into London but the other way—to beaches, picnic grounds and golf courses. For every brave Briton who had decided to struggle to work, it seemed that at least two simply took the day off. The City of London had one-third its normal inflow of 1,500,000 people. Shops were half empty. Autos zipped into town at 60 m.p.h., buses glided smoothly, and Transport Minister Marples found the way clear when he bicycled to work. For the striking railwaymen who wanted to cause maximum discomfort, the whole thing proved a flop. For the public it was, as one typist sighed, "a lovely, lovely strike."

WEST GERMANY

The Death of a Friend And Other Matters

Interrupting a Lake Como holiday, Konrad Adenauer hurried home last week for the funeral of one of his oldest friends: Colonne Banker Robert Pferdmenges, 82. To another man, the occasion might have served as a reminder of his own advancing years, but not to *der Alte*. At 86, after 11 years as Chancellor, Adenauer still reishes the power that came to him so late in life—and, though he has agreed in writing to step down in the fall of 1963, he is now looking for a way to cling to that power a little longer.

Adenauer signed the agreement to retire last year, when his Christian Democratic Union lost its parliamentary majority and the Free Democrats demanded the promise in exchange for their support. But Adenauer soon was telling friends that nothing he had signed could bind him to quit next year. Last week, sooner than Adenauer had intended to announce the news, a longtime associate let it be known that the Chancellor is seriously considering running for the ceremonial office of President in 1964 to guarantee continuity of policy—and also to buy himself another year as Chancellor. Nobody, after all, would insist that he vacate the chancellorship in 1963 if he intends to move over to the presidency in 1964. Adenauer is still fighting to keep Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard from becoming his successor; he considers Erhard too weak and indeliberate to be Chancellor.

Faced with Adenauer's maneuvers, Free Democrat Leader Erich Mende angrily warned he would topple the coalition gov-

² From left, front row: Former Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano, Adenauer, Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder, Bundestag Vice President Carlo Schmid, Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard.

ernment by withdrawing his support if Adenauer went back on his pledge to quit. Nor were CDU party members any happier. At CDU meetings all over the country, members demanded that Erhard, brilliant architect of Germany's prosperity, be clearly designated Adenauer's successor. When one politician introduced Erhard and spoke of his "future leadership" at a rally in Berlin's Sportpalast last week, a crowd of 7,000 cheered wildly.

BERLIN

The Gesture Was Hollow

Berlin will long remember a young East German named Peter Fechter who last summer tried to escape across the Wall and was shot down by the Red border cops. Wounded, he was left to bleed to death by the Communists, while U.S. soldiers, under strict instructions to avoid "incidents," were not allowed to cross a few feet into East Berlin and help the dying man. When a wave of disgust swept Germany, the Allies responded by a feeble gesture: they stationed an ambulance atCheckpoint Charlie in the U.S. sector to pick up any future wounded fugitive and take him not to freedom but back to East Berlin for treatment. Even this token move was proved hollow last week by a new burst of Communist bullets.

On Heidelbergerstrasse, practically in the shadow of the Wall, East Berlin security cops swooped down on a building where a fresh tunnel had just been completed. Eight men and women scurried through the passage to a West Berlin beer parlor at the other end, but one young man was sprayed at point-blank range by machine pistols. Three miles to the northwest, the Allies learned of the shooting and sped their ambulance to the border. But East German guards refused to raise the barrier, and the British army drivers did not force the issue; after an hour they turned back. A Red Cross ambulance also was refused permission to cross the border. One refugee reported that the wounded man died of a bullet wound in the forehead, but when a British officer attempted to examine him he was kept too yards from the shooting scene.

Others fleeing from East Berlin had better luck last week. A young electrical engineer clung to a homemade bucket seat attached to a crane while friends on the Western side waited him 90 ft. across the Wall. Three teen-age boys cut their way through barbed wire, and a coal miner, his courage kindled by schnapps, leaped 35 ft. from a bridge into a barge canal, then swam to the Western shore.

Meanwhile, East German Boss Walter Ulbricht, desperately attempting to justify the Wall's existence, hopes for a visit from Polish Party Chief Wladyslaw Gomułka and Premier Jozef Cyrankiewicz. According to one story current in West Berlin, Gomułka summoned the East German ambassador when he heard that he was expected to whitewash the Wall and told him angrily: "The only thing we know like it in history is the one you Germans built around the Warsaw ghetto."

COLD WAR

Coexistence Cake

West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt in a lecture at Harvard defined the Communists' view of coexistence: "They want to have their cake and eat ours too."

SPAIN

Duel in the Mud

In the devastated suburbs of Barcelona, where floods had churned a path of death and debris, a contest for political popularity was fought last week. The loser: handsome Prince Juan Carlos, son of Pretender Don Juan (TIME cover, June 22), either of whom may some day rule Spain. The winner: wily Dictator Francisco Franco, who showed off a few of the qualities that have kept him in power for 25 years.

First on the scene was Juan Carlos. The prince stepped off the plane from Lisbon with an inappropriately gay smile and wearing impeccably cut sports clothes. Accompanied by his wife, Greek Princess Sophie, he set out for an inspection trip surrounded by foppishly elegant Catalan aristocrats. They were received unenthusiastically by small crowds of grieving townsfolk. Shouted a group of grimy men

alive about 2,000 ravaged acres of land.

Thus, when Franco arrived at the Barcelona cathedral to attend funeral services for victims of the disaster, he was met by warm applause even though Catalonia has long been a hotbed of opposition to his rule. Juan Carlos, by contrast, was greeted by only scattered hand clapping and even a few catcalls. At first Franco ignored Juan Carlos, on the way out gave him a brief nod. Later, as Franco toured the muddy, wreckage-strewn towns near Barcelona, the crowds nodded tears in his eyes. Said he at one stop: "In the spring I will return to make sure that the memory of the Dantesque night that fell on this town has been erased."

COMMON MARKET

"Welcome Us with Joy"

In evident fear and frustration, the Soviets have stepped up their attacks on the booming, capitalist Common Market. Last week the Kremlin signed up a new member in its Hate-the-Six campaign: Communist Yugoslavia. Winding up a ten-day visit to Belgrade, Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev and Yugoslav President Tito signed a joint declaration that, among other things, condemned the Com-



FRANCO, MUÑOZ GRANDES & FLOOD VICTIMS
How to last 25 years.

in Tarrasa "Less talk and more pick and shovel."

There had, in fact, been picks and shovels, but they had been supplied by the Franco regime. Moving with a speed unprecedented in Spain, *El Caudillo's* efficient new Vice Premier, Captain General Agustín Muñoz Grandes, had been in Barcelona within twelve hours after the flood, quickly arranged for rescue and relief operations. Workers were promised 90% of their base pay until their destroyed plants were reopened. Factory owners received \$16 million in easy credit. Farmers got pledges of machinery and fertilizer to re-

mon Market as a Western scheme to exploit outsiders by raising discriminatory "artificial barriers" against them.

It was the same argument, designed specifically to scare the daylight out of the underdeveloped countries, that Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko used in his opening speech to the United Nations, and that Soviet diplomats were still peddling in the corridors. Several of the newly independent nations of Africa and Asia, whose foreign policy is neutralist or left-leaning anyway, accepted the Red reasoning. Said the representative of Guinea: "The direct colonial exploitation of yes-

teyear is now being substituted by that of international monopolies."

Last week the Six gave an eloquent reply through Belgium's Paul-Henri Spaak. When he finished, even the ambassadors from Guinea, Ghana and other Marx-minded nations added their applause to the wave of hand clapping. Said Spaak:

"You are apprehensive; you find us too wealthy and you fear that we are selfish. You are wrong. Modern Europe cannot appear before the world as an association of rich and selfish countries. If we were to fall into this error, we would never be able to find our place in the world. We would be detested and hated, but let me tell you that we would also be stupid. Our countries must export . . . If we ruin our clients, we ruin ourselves."

Spaak closed his headheaded appeal with a plea for understanding the aims of the new Europe. "To try to unify Europe is to try to break through frontiers which are too narrow for today. To unify Europe is not to fall back on an autarchic concept; it is a step toward universality . . . Welcome us without fear; welcome us, on the contrary, with confidence and joy, for it is to all, without exception, that we extend our friendly hand."

RUSSIA

"Complex" Means "No Good"

When shrimps learn to whistle, to borrow a proverb from Nikita Khrushchev, Soviet agriculture will provide enough food for Russia. Meanwhile, on an inspection tour of harvests in Central Asia, Khrushchev faced the perennial farm crisis all over again.

The agricultural situation, he said, was "complex and unusual." He blamed intense heat for a poor crop in the vast steppes of Siberia; he gave the same excuse for the virgin lands of northern Kazakhstan, where the harvest would be far below expectations. In the Ukraine, bread basket of the Soviet Union, the wheat crop was "somewhat worse than last year," but party officials hoped to meet their overall grain quota by producing more corn (used for cattle fodder) than last year. The only bright spot that Khrushchev reported was in Great Russia, where a "record" grain harvest was reaped; a record by how much, Nikita discreetly declined to say.

In contrast to Khrushchev's disappointing trip, a delegation of Russian agricultural experts touring the burgeoning U.S. countryside were having the time of their lives—sort of. The group, headed by Agriculture Minister Konstantin Pysin, had traveled from coast to coast during the past month, last week wound up in California's famed San Joaquin Valley. The visitors, ogled Fred DeBenedetti's mechanical tree shaker that tumbled walnuts to the ground, stared while other mechanized arms swept up the piles of nuts. When William Machado, a bean farmer, said that he had suffered no loss at all in harvesting his crop, the Russians—who could only judge by the chaotic conditions back home—simply did not believe him.

MIDDLE EAST

Up the Escalator

Few things could be more unsettling than the vision of Arabs and Israelis—or for that matter, Arabs and Arabs—rattling rockets at each other. But after a twelve-year limitation on major military aid to any Middle Eastern state, the U.S. broke the pattern by announcing that it would sell Israel a consignment of Hawk missiles. The professed reason: to offset Communist military aid to the Arab nations. Actually, the situation has not substantially changed since the 1960 pact



NASSER and "CONQUERORS"®
All for the Democratic Party?

between Nasser and the Soviet Union, which gave Egypt 60 Ilyushin jet bombers, several squadrons of new MIG-21 fighters and 500 T-54 tanks.

In itself, the Hawk does not represent any great threat to the Arabs. A supersonic ground-to-air missile with a range of 25 miles, the Hawk can hunt down hostile bombers in the skies above Israel but has little offensive capability. But the sudden reversal of U.S. policy spurred the Arab press to frenzy. "Americans urinate on their own principles!" screamed Beirut's Al Anwar. The Egyptian Gazette, drawing a parallel between the Middle East and the Caribbean, cried that "Israel is a greater menace to Arab countries than Cuba will ever be to the U.S." Cairo's semi-official Al Akhbar took a more sophisticated line in charging that the Hawk deal was aimed at U.S. Jewish voters so as "to win as many seats as possible for the Democratic Party."

Even with the Hawk, which will not be operational for at least two years, Israel

© Right: Field Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer, Egyptian Vice President.

theoretically lags in the missile race. Last summer Nasser witnessed the successful test firing of the El Kaher (Conqueror) rocket, built in Egypt with the help of private West German and Italian companies. El Kaher has a range of 360 miles and could land, says Nasser pointedly, "just south of Beirut," i.e., in Israel. There is even a dim possibility of nuclear warheads. In moving up the escalator toward atomic power, Israel, with French help, has built a 24,000-kw. nuclear reactor in the Negev near Beersheba, and Egypt has a 2,000-kw. reactor at Inshas, 30 miles from Cairo, built with Soviet and private West German aid.

At week's end, the arms race was taking its predictable course, Britain, which had followed the U.S. in limiting arms to the Middle East, now was ready to sell its Bloodhound missile to all comers. And the Soviet Union gleefully informed Egypt of its willingness to step up arms deliveries, including its SA-2 ground-to-air missile, as an answer to Israel's Hawks.

LAOS

To Broadway & 72nd Street

Under the terms of last summer's 14-nation Geneva agreement establishing Laotian neutrality, all foreign troops were to be withdrawn from Laos under the supervision of the International Control Commission, a tripartite group composed of Indian, Polish and Canadian inspectors. Last week, just ahead of the withdrawal deadline, the last of 666 U.S. military advisers in Laos pulled out. With weeping Laotian girl friends tugging at their arms, 78 officers and men climbed aboard four C-46 transports heading for Bangkok.

It was a far different story with the estimated 10,000 North Vietnamese combat troops and technicians who have been fighting with the Communist Pathet Lao. At the exit point set up at Nhommarath, in central Laos, the Pathet Lao has cooped up the I.C.C. inspectors in a fenced-in compound to keep them from checking on the withdrawal. With a straight face, the Pathet Lao commander said to the I.C.C.: "We've put up the fence to prevent wild buffalo from attacking you."

Many of the North Vietnamese have changed uniforms and moved into Pathet Lao units, while others have settled into villages controlled by Laotian Reds. In remote areas of eastern Laos, North Vietnamese units reach battalion size.

Theoretically, the I.C.C. has the authority to check on all alleged violations of the Geneva accord. But in Laos' thick jungles, such transgressions are difficult to prove. "People talk about the Ho Chi Minh trail back into North Viet Nam as though it were the New Jersey Turnpike," said Major General Reuben Tucker, chief of the U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group in Laos, just before leaving. "It's actually a complex system of trails in dense jungle, nearly impossible to penetrate and move around in." While fighting has come to a standstill, the U.S. is not taken in by Red claims that the major

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body of the North Vietnamese has moved out. Says Tucker: "We keep getting reports that the North Vietnamese are churning around. But it's as if they're moving from Broadway and 42nd Street to Broadway and 72nd Street."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Turning Point?

There are 10,000 U.S. military "advisers" in South Viet Nam and, it sometimes seems, as many correspondents. The war they report consists mostly of grim, isolated jungle skirmishes; as for the big picture, they usually color it gloomy. But in recent months the gloom has been a few shades lighter, and at times hope has broken through. Last week, before the National Assembly in Saigon President Ngo Dinh Diem announced: "We are recovering the initiative, even during the rainy season, which heretofore the enemy has considered favorable to him. Victory is not only sure but imminent."

Among the hopeful signs cited by Diem:

- More than half the population has been moved into fortified villages, which protect farmers from sudden Viet Cong raids while denying the Communists easy access to food and hiding places. There are now 3,500 "strategic hamlets" (U.S. experts estimate the number at closer to 2,000 of which only about half are effective), and plans call for 9,000 more.

- The Vietnamese officer corps has almost tripled in the past year, thanks to volunteers who presumably scent victory.

- For the first time in 15 years, the price of rice has dropped on the eve of the main harvest because, according to Diem the Reds can no longer effectively block shipments from the interior to the cities. (U.S. officials also attribute the drop in rice prices to an unusually good crop in the northern part of the country.) A sharp upturn in light industry, especially textiles, and land reform has brightened a still dark economic situation.

In his imminent-victory claims, Diem was obviously being far too optimistic but even by the most skeptical judgment the war in Viet Nam is going a great deal better than a year ago.

INDONESIA

UNTEA Party

The first Europeans to sight New Guinea were two 16th century Portuguese sea captains who were so unimpressed that they did not even bother to claim it for their King. Second largest island in the world (after Greenland), it was a tangle of tropical jungle inhabited by mosquitoes, crocodiles, and man-eating savages. In 1828 The Netherlands claimed western New Guinea, ruled it benevolently but with distant interest; in the words of one observer, it "became a sort of Dutch hobby." Last week, as the Dutch finally abandoned their costly hobby, the place seemed to have changed remarkably little.

On the rain-drenched central plaza of West New Guinea's capital city of Hol-



VELDKAMP & ROLZ-BENNETT AT TURN-OVER CEREMONY
Now someone else's hobby.

landia, Dutch officials transferred temporary control to the United Nations. By the agreement worked out under U.S. pressure, after two years of threats and raids from Indonesia, the U.N. will be in charge until May 1, 1963, when West New Guinea will be handed over to the Indonesians and become officially known as West Irian. Not later than 1969, a U.N.-assisted plebiscite is to allow the territory to choose independence or final annexation by Indonesia.

Sputtering Disorder. As the 20 men of UNTEA, the United Nations Temporary Executive Authority, set up shop under Guatemala's José Rolz-Bennett, not even

the most optimistic expected that they could accomplish much during their seven caretaker months. Already more than two-thirds of the territory's 17,000 Dutch have gone, despite UNTEA offers to many doubling their salaries. Left in the hands of ill-trained Papuan natives, administration is in a state of sputtering disorder. In Hollandia the water supply is polluted, telephone and mail services have been disrupted, and communication with the interior has broken down. Food is short, and Papuan policemen, no longer commanded by Dutch officers, are reluctant to break up the constant brawls.

In the entire territory there is not one Papuan doctor or lawyer. So unsteady is the economy that a run on the territory's sole bank was averted only when the U.N. announced that it would guarantee the currency. Over the past five years, essential oil exports have dropped by two-thirds. As Dutch businessmen keep pulling out, unemployment figures climb.

Bird & Snake. Life in the interior is still only a step away from the Stone Age. The 700,000 Papuans are scattered into some 200 different tribes, each with its own language and each savagely hostile toward the others. Since killing virtually holds the status of a sporting event among the tribesmen, a Papuan convicted of murder is apt to get only two weeks in jail by a backwoods court, while a European would in all likelihood be hanged. In some areas, pigs are more valuable than women. To get strength, native warriors tie dried pigs' testicles around their arms, later roast and eat them. Their animist religion teaches them to believe that death comes only because millions of years ago a bird and a snake rared and the snake lost; had it won, man would have changed skins many times.

Primitive as West New Guinea is, Indonesia's President Sukarno is determined to keep it as his own hobby. Hours after the



changeover from Dutch to U.N. control, a planeload of Indonesian officials flew into Hollandia to "help" the U.N. They promised the moon: \$100 million worth of development aid, 2,000 teachers, establishment of a West Irian university. Purpose of pledges: to con the Papuans out of any independence movement that might jeopardize control by Indonesia, the new imperial power in the area.

Sukarno's Army

Russian-supplied MIG jet fighters zoomed low over Djakarta last week as Indonesia's military might assembled for Armed Forces Day. In the harbor below steamed Indonesia's newest warship, the Russian-built cruiser *Irian*. Through the streets drove marines in Soviet amphibious troop carriers and a battery of Russian-made ground-to-air missiles. An ironic counterpoint was provided by a youth brigade carrying bamboo spears.

Although he now has West Irian safely in his grasp, Indonesia's President Sukarno has called for the continued massive build-up of Indonesia's army. His purpose: to be ready for any other chance to grab territory that might present itself, and to placate the army, the strongest and most restive element of his power.

Nimble-Footed. Sukarno smoothly plays the 250,000-man army off against the other major prop of his regime, Indonesia's 2,000,000-member Communist Party, third largest in the world after those of Russia and Red China. The army has seven ministries in his Cabinet to the Communists' two, enjoys the accrued privileges and profits of almost unlimited power. Leader of Indonesia's armed forces is Defense Minister General Abdul Haris Nasution, 43, whose popularity among the military enables him to hold the highly independent army in check—and to change sides nimbly. Nasution was sacked as chief of staff in 1952 for backing an attempted military coup, was restored to office three years later at the behest of the liberal Cabinet, which wanted a strong leader to control the volatile army. Nasution repaid his backers by clapping them into jail at the first opportunity. In 1958, during another revolt, he firmly sided with Sukarno and got emergency powers, which he used to ban freedom of speech and the press, the right of assembly, and all opposition political activity.

A devout Moslem, Nasution is anti-Communist, but has been prevented from really cracking down on Indonesia's Reds by Sukarno, who repeatedly warns against "Communist phobia." Only when the Communists use violence does Sukarno permit the army to intervene. Moreover, many of Indonesia's most ardent anti-Reds are in jail under Nasution's orders because they advocated more freedom than he thought was necessary.

Colonels' Corruption. Still, Nasution knows that after Sukarno's death there will be a major struggle between the Communists and the army. To counter the Reds' strength among the masses, Nasution has tried to make the army a political and social as well as a military force.

Officers and noncoms take eight- to 15-week courses in such subjects as village administration, agriculture, public health, guerrilla warfare and "Information Science"—a stiff dose of anti-Communist propaganda. In West Java villages, lieutenants teach peasants to read with king-sized letter cards, and sergeants demonstrate to housewives how to purify water. Knee-deep in the village streams, soldiers plant fish traps made from bamboo and rushes; in the paddyfields, noncoms and men with hoes help farmers clear irrigation ditches of weeds and snags. "The villages are where we won the revolution against the Dutch," says an army colonel. "And this is where we've got to win it against the Communists."

Nasution still has a long way to go



CHIEF OF STAFF NASUTION

All for freedom, not freedom for all.

toward that goal. Much of his army is over-age and under-educated. Moreover, the people tend to accept the widespread taunt that "corruption" and "colonel" are synonymous. The officers have houses, cars, pensions, and a high standard of living to maintain. At the recent Asian games, one army colonel was arrested for embezzling \$45,000 in ticket sales. Another colonel reportedly helicoptered over a posh Djakarta suburb, picked out a house he liked, alighted near by and ordered the tenants to clear out.

UGANDA

She Isn't & Doesn't Want To Be an Extension of Europe

Tribesmen clad in leopard skins and ostrich plumes danced to the sound of rawhide drums and blaring trumpets of antelope horn. From a thousand hilltops bonfires burst into flame. In the capital city of Kampala strings of electric lights illumined the facades of churches, mosques and Hindu temples. Thus Uganda this week became the fifth African

nation to gain its freedom in a year, and the 28th since 1956. Even informed observers are becoming dazed by the endless roll call of big and little new nations that sound more and more like commuter stops on a train to Timbuctoo: Gambia, Upper Volta, Chad, Dahomey, Mali, Gabon.

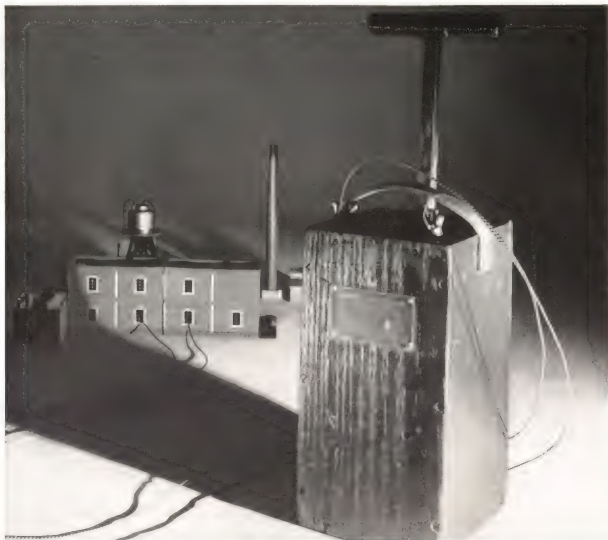
What, then, is worth knowing about Uganda?

Four Kings. It is relatively small to begin with, about the size of Oregon (94,000 sq. mi.). It contains the source of the Nile in Lake Victoria, which, next to Lake Superior, is the world's largest freshwater lake. On its western borders rise the famed Mountains of the Moon; on the east, the towering 14,178-ft. Mount Elgon. In between stretch 500 miles of open meadow and sparse forest filled with elephants, gazelles, elands, lions and leopards. Typically, Uganda is also unstable, since its 6,845,000 people are riven by tribal, religious, economic and linguistic differences. There are no fewer than four separate Bantu kingdoms on the shores of Lake Victoria, which henceforth must try to make common cause, not only among themselves, but with the Nilotic warrior tribes and the turbulent Hamitic nomads to the north and east.

Biggest source of friction has always been the Bantu kingdom of Buganda, which has one-fourth of the new country's area, one-third of the population and nearly all the wealth. Under Kabaka (King) Frederick Mutesa II, the 36th monarch of Africa's oldest continuously ruling dynasty, Buganda tried to secede from the Uganda Protectorate in 1961. When the British government firmly refused to permit the creation of a new Katanga in its erstwhile colony, Cambridge-educated King Freddie did an about-face and combined forces with Apollo Milton Obote, who had risen from Nilotic herd boy to the leadership of the Uganda People's Congress. The coalition of King and commoner swept the national elections, capturing 58 Assembly seats to 24 for the rival Democratic Party of Benedicto Kiwanuka. Obote was named Prime Minister.

Never Again. Uganda's constitution sensibly provides a large measure of local autonomy to Buganda and the three other Bantu kingdoms, and to the ten regional districts, which are equally jealous of their separate identity. Although per capita income averages only \$65 a year, Uganda has enjoyed a favorable balance of trade for the past 25 years. But falling world prices for its principal exports—coffee and cotton—have eaten up the accumulated reserves and this year caused a budget deficit of \$70 million.

To implement a World Bank recommendation for a \$150-million development program over the next five years, Prime Minister Obote must look to London and Washington. Foreign aid, however generous, is not likely to shift Uganda from the usual African neutralist foreign policy. Though stoutly anti-Communist, Obote says, "Uganda is determined that she shall never again become an extension of Europe or of any other part of the world."



DANGER!

CLOSE CORPORATION ABOUT TO "BLOW UP" AFTER DEATH OF SHAREHOLDER

It can happen almost overnight — unless some effective plan exists through which the remaining shareholders can purchase the deceased's shares. Without such a plan, explosive situations can develop:

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The heirs sell to an outsider. Finding a buyer is usually difficult, so they may very well have to settle for a lot less than their inheritance is really worth. And this requires the other owners to accept a stranger. Should a controlling interest be involved, their

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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Voting No

Will Latin American nations support the U.S. in firm, direct action against Communist Cuba? Two positions taken last week by the two most populous countries suggested a clear answer: No. Brazil's Prime Minister Hermes Lima told a delegation of Castroites in Rio that Brazil will never support punitive measures against Cuba simply because it has a different regime from other American countries. Mexican President Adolfo López Mateos told a press conference that he did not consider "Cuban subversion" a threat, and that action would be warranted only if another nation were the victim of an "unprovoked" armed attack.

Stagnant Economies

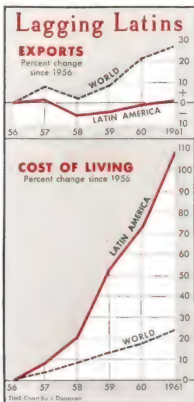
The hemisphere's top government planners sat down in a glossy Mexico City hotel last week to analyze what is wrong with the economy of Latin America. Before them was a massive, 484-page report compiled jointly by the U.N. and the Organization of American States. Two words among the thousands summed up the situation: "relative stagnation." A Mexican delegate put it more bluntly, "I prefer to call it plain stagnation."

Judging by the report, he was very nearly right. The growth in the region's economy in recent years, when divided among the population of 220 million, amounts to virtually no growth at all. Alliance for Progress planners figure that a 2.5% per capita annual growth in gross national product is essential. But only two Latin American countries have averaged more than 2% in the past five years. The rest have failed to keep pace with a 2.9% population growth. Almost every sector of the economy is in the doldrums.

► Exports are in deep trouble. Prices of Latin America's major commodities—mostly agricultural products (cacao, sugar, coffee), minerals (lead, zinc) and petroleum—are down and slipping lower. Between 1957 and 1960, the overall price decline amounted to 11.5%, effectively canceling out a 13.5% increase in the volume of goods sold abroad. "This situation," said the report, "is unparalleled in other underdeveloped areas of the world."

► Capacity to import is tied directly to export earnings and is therefore stagnant as well. Excluding Venezuela, which sparked an extraordinary \$803 million injection of dollars for itself by selling oil concessions in 1957, Latin America had only a little more cash available for imports in 1961 (\$7.19 billion) than it did four years before (\$7.17 billion). To make matters worse, says the report, "the population of Latin America grew by approximately 12% during the period. Consequently, per capita capacity to import has tended to decline."

► Private foreign investment, one source



of funds to finance imports of goods and machines needed for development, shows little or no increase. Aside from the Venezuelan windfall, new direct private foreign investment amounted to \$622 million in 1957, \$642 million last year, and averaged about \$635 million in the years between. Moreover, foreign investors sharply decreased the money they were willing to risk on primary industries (mining, petroleum, agriculture) necessary to build a foundation for the area's economy. Instead, they switched their emphasis to secondary manufacturing businesses (appliances, automobiles, computers), which are less subject to nationalization or heavier taxation.

► Inflation, always a bugaboo, is in a disastrous upward spiral. With export income and foreign investment at a standstill, governments are forced to borrow or print money to support domestic industries and put their growing populations to work. But the increased currency in circulation is not matched by an equivalent increase in goods for sale. Thus prices climb higher, and the cost of living rises far faster than the world average. In the past five years, the cost of living jumped 212% in Argentina, 158% in Bolivia, 146% in Brazil, 111% in Chile, 133% in Uruguay.

When the technicians in Mexico City complete their assessment of the facts and make recommendations, it will be

up to the hemisphere's finance ministers, meeting in the same place a fortnight hence, to develop a plan of action. Almost certainly, a heavy share of the burden will fall on the people of the U.S.—as taxpayers and consumers. Under the Alliance for Progress, the U.S. is already committed to \$20 billion worth of support over the next ten years. Reversing a position of long standing, the U.S. has also agreed to take part in a scheme designed to support coffee prices. It may now be asked to do the same for such other Latin American commodities as cacao, lead and zinc.

CANADA

Exercise in Survival

Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's minority Conservative Government survived all threats to its existence last week. In the traditional Throne Speech debate, which allows the Opposition to tee off on every subject under the sun, the three opposition parties, who together have a majority of the Commons' 265 seats, denounced the Diefenbaker government's management of everything from A (for austerity) to U (for unemployment). But in two crucial votes of confidence, the right-wing Social Credit Party, like the Tories, in no mood for an early election, sided with the government to keep it in power.

Hungry for an election that he is confident would make him Prime Minister, Liberal Leader Lester Pearson led off with the longest speech of his parliamentary career (three hours and five minutes) and closed it with the shortest (18 words): no-confidence motion in Parliament's history. He accused the Conservatives of "a major political fraud" in hiding last June's critical run on Canada's foreign-exchange reserves until the election was safely over, indicted the government's tight-money austerity program as the wrong cure for the country's economic ailments. Diefenbaker retorted by disclosing ordinarily secret foreign-exchange figures to argue that Liberal "gloom and doom" crying had worsened the run on the Canadian dollar, and that in fact he had hidden nothing.

The Socialist New Democratic Party voted with the Liberals. But the Social Crediters, who disdain the Tory economic policies, preferred the Tories to an early election. That did not necessarily guarantee the Diefenbaker government either a long or particularly happy life. This week the Prime Minister will again need the votes of the Social Crediters to defeat a Liberal challenge of his handling of the austerity program—which Social Credit leaders have vigorously damned. But whatever troubles lay ahead, John Diefenbaker, a shrewd and canny politician, had shown in the first crucial week that he had the combination to survive where it counted—in the final vote.



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Now, drive the car...and experience the excitement of augmented power in the 1963 engine. A new high turbulence piston

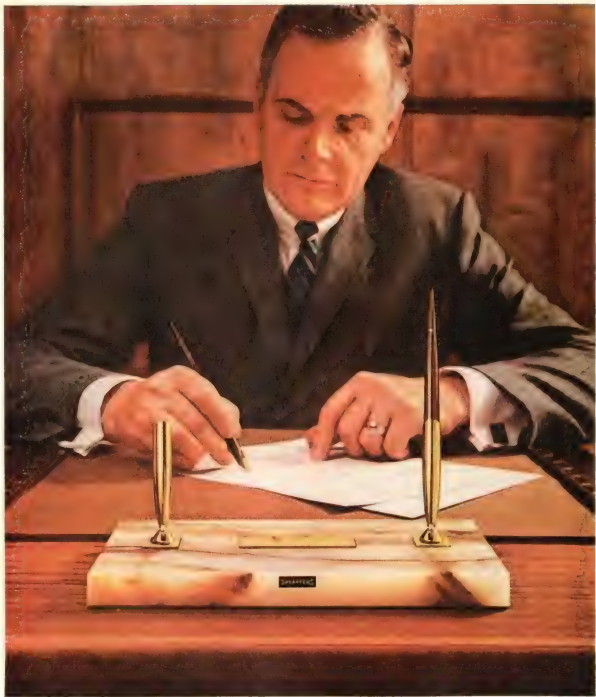
design and full range carburetion provide superior acceleration for passing at freeway speeds—an improvement over even the remarkable 1962 Continental engine.

Important changes, but none for the sake of change. For we will not tamper with this car merely to be different: the only changes we make are functional refinements which add to the quality of the finest car built in America.

Timeless in styling...superb in craftsmanship...lasting in value. Unquestionably your finest motorcar investment for the years ahead. This is the Lincoln Continental for 1963.

And as final proof of quality, the warranty: two full years or 24,000 miles, a total-car warranty twice as long as any other in America.*

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PEOPLE

After a year as White House military adviser, General **Maxwell Taylor**, 61, was sworn in as new chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. A onetime proponent of a single chief for all the services, the old paratrooper now reserved his judgment. "I am not arriving," he said, "blueprint in hand as a crusader for change."

Her sister has 31 of them, but for **Princess Margaret**, 32, it was her very first royal equerry. He is Major Michael Patrick Andrew Mitchell, 34, a tall bachelor from the crack Coldstream Guards, who will serve as a surrogate squire for Meg at those endless official functions. Husband Tony may prefer to miss.

The last time a Pope ventured onto a train was in 1863, when Pius IX rode a few bumpy miles southeast of Rome to bless a new railway line. But **Pope John XXIII**, 80, is no stay-at-home. Leaving the seldom used Vatican station at daybreak in the Italian government's presidential railroad car, he made a 400-mile whistle stop journey to Loreto and Assisi to pray for the success of the Second Vatican Council, convening in Rome this week. From the coach's window, he blessed huge crowds along the line and gave signs that he may become a comparative Vatican vagabond. "I especially like to travel by plane," the Pontiff told reporters. "You can see so much of the world in a short time. I hope it will not be another 100 years before a Pope takes this journey. I don't think it will, because I hope to travel more myself."

When the Old Vic repertory company toured Down Under early this year, New Zealand Beer Baron Sir Ernest Davis, 60, turned up at the Auckland theater for a gander at Actress **Vivien Leigh**, 48, playing *Marguerite Gautier* in Dumas' *The Lady of the Camellias*. So smitten was Sir Ernest with vibrant Vivien that he hurried backstage after the performance, wine and dined the cast, kept in touch by occasional long-distance phone calls when she returned to London, and on one occasion promised to remember her in his will. Last month Sir Ernest died—and his will was as good as his word. To Miss Leigh's astonishment 35,000 shares of New Zealand Breweries Ltd. worth nearly \$50,000, were listed in her name. "I had no idea it would be anything like this," she said.

Having toured the U.S. women's club lecture loop, British-born **Ginette Spanier**, *divette* of Paris' Balmain fashion house, had a few words about American women yearning to be chic. "American women are so frightened about doing the wrong thing," she said. "And sometimes you can't blame them. There are so many fashion writers in America now that the poor dears are absolutely battered by waves of instructions. That's why when I speak to them, they seem to feel they're getting the God's honest truth. And they



GINETTE SPANIER
Unveiling.

ask the most extraordinary questions. "When do you wear a veil? I tell them. 'It depends on what you've been doing the night before.' Seriously. I tell them mainly to relax. It's basically your attitude coming into a room that really counts."

Sharing the bill in the Broadway debut of Liz's estranged husband, Crooner **Edie Fisher**, 34, was Frankie's ex-nancée, South African Dancer **Juliet Prowse**, 26, who displayed vast areas of skin and even more gall. She pranced onstage as a



JULIET PROWSE
Unavailing.

barely garbed Joan of Arc and slithered her way through a song that pictured the saint as a call girl; then she turned up in some Egyptian gauze and launched into *Cleo, the Nympho of the Nile*, ending with a belly dance that would have fazed Farouk. Snorted one of the critics giving the show a universal pan: "Aside from getting 'A' for anatomy and 'E' for efrontery, Miss Prowse should do herself a favor: forget her career and take Frank Sinatra up on his marriage proposal."

With just three quarters of study needed to qualify for his bachelor's degree in Ohio State University's College of Commerce, burly Golfer **Jack Nicklaus**, 22, already assured of a \$250,000 income in his rookie year as a pro, was all set to put aside his driver and hit the books. But the academic fairway proved full of traps. The school's dean ruled that because the U.S. Open champ was committed to three weeks of golfing exhibitions during the fall term, he must cancel them or withdraw; his instructors felt that he "could not miss that much class time." The edict riled Nicklaus, an insurance major with average grades. "I don't like to be told I can't go to school," he said. "I've missed classes to play golf every quarter I've been at Ohio State, and I feel I could meet my commitments and still do the required work."

Honored by the German Society for Photography, the world's foremost photographic organization: **LIFE** Photographer **Alfred Eisenstaedt**, 63, who returned to his native Germany for the first time in 27 years to accept a symbolic optical lens with an 18-carat gold rim and a \$1,250 cash prize "as a photo-journalist who has caught in pictures the world happenings and events of the last decades with rare feeling."

At his 22-room mansion in Providence, former Senator **Theodore Francis Green**, who retired last year as the oldest man ever to serve in the U.S. Senate, spent his 93th birthday sorting through stacks of greeting cards, gifts of German beer and vintage Rhine wines for his well-stocked cellar. Then after a brief celebration with old friends, the venerable Green dictated a congratulatory birthday telegram to another Democratic patriarch—Arizona's **Carl Hayden**, 85, the oldest man now serving in the Senate.

Ill lay: **Charles Loughton**, 63, jowly stentorian actor, spending his third month in a Hollywood hospital suffering from what his doctors now announce is cancer of the lower spine; **Eleanor Roosevelt**, 77, whose annual week-long checkup at a Manhattan hospital was extended for treatment of an infectious lung condition; **Edward R. Murrow**, 54, chain-smoking chief of the U.S. Information Agency, in a U.S. Army hospital in Teheran, Iran, with a "mild" case of pneumonia; **Otto E. Passman**, 62, congressional foe of foreign aid, who tripped over some plastic clothing bags in his Washington office and broke his left arm in four places.

SCIENCE

SPACE

Sweet Little Bird

The U.S. last week passed another milestone in the space age—but this time the milestone was emotional as well as scientific. With the successful countdown and launch of Sigma 7, the near-flawless orbital performance of spacecraft and pilot and the extraordinary precision of impact and recovery, the U.S. space program graduated from quivering apprehension to solid confidence.

Once the men in the space program had done their best and then depended on luck; now they are prepared to take success for granted, rather than being surprised or relieved by it. On the long road ahead to the moon, there may yet be setbacks and disasters, but last week's shot guaranteed that they will be accepted as the price of enterprise, not as discouraging proof of backwardness.

Americans in general reacted the same way. Gone from the Florida beaches were the jostling crowds of jittery, prayerful and sometimes ghoulish spectators who watched earlier Mercury flights. Newsmen on the spot neither applauded nor cheered, as before, as the rocket lifted easily into a clear blue sky. Even after Sigma 7 went into orbit, many Americans preferred to watch the Giants and the Dodgers slug it out in their final play-off game.

Dutiful Flying. Everything went right from the beginning. Sigma 7 bobbed into a beautifully circular orbit, and calm, cool Navy Commander Walter Marty ("Wally") Schirra, 39, was in buoyant good humor. "Sayonara!" he cried when the escape tower separated, and soon he reported "all systems green and go." Then he settled down to cheerful, competent and dutiful space flying. He watched the instruments closely and talked with each control station as he passed near it. Like



ASTRONAUT SCHIRRA
After fireflies, the pickle barrel.

the other astronauts, Schirra ran into trouble with the water boil-off system of his space suit, and its temperature became so high on the first orbit that some thought was given to aborting the flight. But Schirra quickly got the suit's temperature down by manipulating its controls, later announced: "It's not worth even discussing any more."

Over Australia, Schirra changed the attitude of his capsule, but he did it very slowly to save precious peroxide fuel. Nearing Mexico, Schirra announced that he was flying "chimp configuration," meaning that he was on the fuel-saving automatic control as if a chimp were piloting. When he heard that all was favorable for the full six orbits, he cried, "Hallelujah!" and over Hawaii he called out, "Aloha!" At one point, he radioed

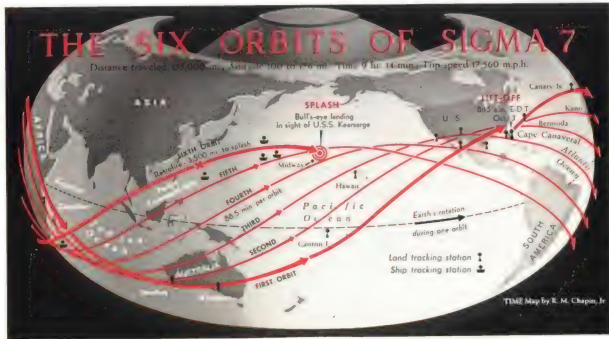
back to earth: "I have a delightful report for one John Glenn, I, too, see fireflies"—the luminous particles first noticed by Glenn outside the capsule and sometimes called "the Glenn effect."

Drifting & Dreaming. The Sigma 7 was equipped for a few scientific experiments, including some star observations for Schirra to make. But the main purpose of the six-orbit flight was to check the performance of the capsule's oxygen-, electrical- and attitude-control systems. Considered critical was the amount of fuel needed. Schirra proved, as the technicians had suspected, that both Glenn and Carpenter could have managed with much less fuel if they had done less aimless maneuvering.

On his fourth orbit, Schirra shut off all control systems and went into drifting flight, his capsule turning slowly as it swept around the earth. Sometimes he rode backwards, sometimes upside down, but since he was weightless anyway, this did not bother him at all. "Drifting and dreaming," he radioed cheerfully to the ground. He drifted for three hours and 26 minutes, burning no fuel. Astronauts Glenn and Carpenter used nearly all their fuel before re-entry, but Schirra approached the critical moment with 80% of his fuel still untouched.

That came as the capsule swept over the Philippine Sea, heading for the final target north of Midway Island, where the aircraft carrier *Kearsarge* waited. As the capsule started its descent through the atmosphere, officers watching radar on the *Kearsarge* could hardly believe their eyes: the Sigma 7 seemed to be heading directly for the *Kearsarge*, looked as if it might land right on the flight deck. Borne by its parachute, it finally landed only four miles from the carrier, hitting the proverbial pickle barrel after 155,000 miles of flight.

While Sigma 7 bobbed on the little waves of the sunlit Pacific, Schirra reported by radio that he was dry and com-



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Peugeot 404 gives you a lot for your dollar (\$2575*). For instance: The 404 has a solid unit body construction. Reclining seats. Sliding sunroof. Four speed synchromesh gear shift on the steering column. Front and rear coil springs. Overhead valve engine with aluminum head. Automatic fan clutch. (If you listen closely, you can hear the engine running.)

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ers. Stainless steel exterior trim. Door-to-door carpeting, including the trunk. Outside rear-view mirror. Michelin X or white-wall tires.

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This is the 403; John R. Bond (publisher of Road & Track) rates it as one of the seven best made cars in the world. The other six: Rolls-Royce, Mercedes-Benz, Lancia, Lincoln-Continental, Porsche and Rover. The 403 price: \$2250* (plus local taxes and delivery charge).

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How often should you switch pipes? Every 4-6 pipefuls, depending on the heat of the pipe and the taste you're getting.

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fortable and would prefer to be picked up while still in his own ship. "A sweet little bird," he remarked. Helicopters dropped frogmen into the water, and they attached inflatable tubes to keep Sigma 7 afloat. Then the *Kearsarge* launched a whaleboat, which attached a line to the capsule. With Navy punctilio, Schirra formally asked the *Kearsarge's* captain for "permission to come aboard." "Permission granted," said Captain Eugene P. Rankin. After blowing the side hatch on deck, Schirra climbed out and was borne away for a physical examination and hours of dictating his observations. Doctors reported that he showed no ill effects from his nine-hour flight.

18 Orbits Next. Space scientists and engineers are loud in praise of Schirra. Cutting out flyboy tomfoolery and handling the capsule like the spacecraft it is, he proved that by drifting and careful use of the automatic control system the capsule can get along with less fuel on even longer orbits. A heavy periscope can also be dumped, because Schirra proved that tricks of maneuvering that make it unnecessary can be accomplished with very little fuel. These savings can be invested in other desirables, such as more oxygen for breathing and more water for cooling.

An immediate result of the flight was the probable cancellation of a second six-orbit jaunt. The next U.S. astronaut will probably fly 18 orbits early in 1963, staying in space for a full day. This will leave the U.S. still behind the Russians, whose heavier and better provisioned spacecraft have stayed in space for three and four days. But Astronaut Schirra—who is being called by admirers "the first real space pilot"—made a giant step toward catching up.

Heads Up

Wally Schirra acquired his interest in flying and sophisticated machinery by inheritance. His father, a retired engineer, now 68, was a bomber pilot in World War I who was shot down over the Western Front but managed to survive and fly again. He kept flying after the war, and for eight months was a barnstormer at county fairs. Sometimes when he stunted to impress the customers, his young wife Flo climbed out on the lower wing of his beat-up biplane.

Gung-Ho, Heads-Up. Wally was a wild boy. "I hated to open the front door," his mother recalls, "and see the police chief again." After attending public schools in Oradell and Englewood, N.J., Wally went briefly to Newark College of Engineering, and in 1942 got an appointment to Annapolis. He graduated in 1945, 215th in a class of 1,045, just too late for World War II. In 1946 Wally Schirra married svelte, blonde Josephine Fraser, stepdaughter of Admiral James L. Holloway, who commanded in the Northeastern Atlantic and Mediterranean area during World War II and led the U.S. force that landed in Lebanon in 1958 (TIME cover, Aug. 4, 1958).

Schirra spent time on carriers and at naval shore bases. When the Korean war



MRS. SCHIRRA, WALTER III & SUZANNE
They took it in stride.

got going, he was assigned to an Arkansas National Guard squadron as an exchange pilot. His flying mates remember him as "a gung-ho, heads-up, by-the-book Annapolis man," but they forgave him because he was such a good pilot. He flew 90 missions, mostly ground strafing and low-level bombing. His missions got him credit for 1½ MIGs. A Distinguished Flying Cross and two Air Medals. He also buzzed a U.S. camp, blew down lines of tents and was hotly reprimanded.

After Korea, Schirra went through the Navy's test-pilot school and then was assigned to the Naval Air Test Center at Patuxent, Md. For a flyer this was long-haired stuff, and fine for Schirra's desire to emphasize the engineering side of aeronautics. His work was checking out the hottest new aircraft, and sometimes playing games with anti-aircraft missiles. When he first heard about the Mercury man-in-space program, he put it out of his mind as visionary, but later realized that space flight is the logical next step in aviation, and went after a job as an astronaut.

In an Artillery Shell. During Schirra's astronaut training, he built up a reputation as a dedicated, no-nonsense student of the just-born art of space flight. He has kept his sense of humor and some of his youthful mischievousness, but he never lets either affect his job. He hates heroics, and has avoided publicity stunts as much as possible. His last month TV outburst against making "show biz" out of the astronauts (TIME, Sept. 21) underlined a long and strongly held feeling.

Schirra's wife and two children (Wally III, 12, and Suzanne, 5) have taken his shift to space in stride, followed last week's flight almost as calmly as Schirra performed it. But Wally's aviation-oriented parents are a bit dubious about their son's new calling. "He's not flying now," says Walt Sr. "He's just riding inside an artillery shell."

Buenos Aires --
Gay as Paree!



Lake Todos los Santos in Chile.

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looked like. Wide-Track Pontiac '63

Track, too, and a full line of Trophy V-8's. (That ought to be enough to make those other cars turn green.) And we haven't mentioned such happy touches as self-

adjusting brakes. So what, pray tell, could be keeping you from a new Pontiac of your own? We leave you with the year's happiest problem: *which* Pontiac to pick.



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86 PROOF

SPORT

The Living End

When it is played coolly and efficiently, baseball can sometimes be pretty dull. There is an insomniac in Manhattan who gave up Secor for the Yankees. But sloppy baseball can be fun to watch—as it was last week, when the San Francisco Giants and the Los Angeles Dodgers fumbled and humbled their way through a wacky three-game playoff for the National League pennant. All it proved was that while the club owners could take the boys away from Coogan's Bluff and Flatbush, they could never take the old ways away from the boys. And while the transplanted Bums and Jints staged their comedy of errors, 20 million TV fans sat transfixed with horror and delight. Items:

► Hardly an inning went by without infielders caroming off outfielders, pitchers falling on their faces chasing bunts, or wild throws zinging off in all directions. In the last game, the butterfingers Bums booted three in one inning: Pitcher Johnny Podres grabbed a bunt and heaved the ball into centerfield. Catcher Johnny Roseboro fired a pickoff throw into the tall grass, and Second Baseman Jim Gilliam uncorked a relay to first base that hit Giant Harvey Kuenn on the back of the noggin. The three-game tally by a genial myopic official scorer: seven errors for the Dodgers; four for the Giants.

► The hitting was atrocious. The Giants left a total of 30 runners stranded high and dry on the bases. The Dodgers, shut out in their last two regular-season games, kept right on holding their breaths and bats for 14 agonizing playoff innings—and then, with a mighty sigh, blew across seven runs in a single frame.

► The second game—won by the Dodgers 8-7—lasted a record 4 hr. 18 min., and the weary combatants used a record 42 players. Eleven runs scored in one inning, and there was a grand total of 20 hits, three errors and 20 men left on base. Then, in the ninth, the winning run dribbled across the plate, without benefit of a hit. On first with nobody out, Dodger Speedster Maury Wills upset a series of Giant pitchers to such an extent that they walked one batter, threw to the wrong base on another, and pushed Wills around to third, where he could skip home on a sacrifice fly.

► Even the umpires caught stage fright. Jocko Conlan called the Giants' Willie Mays both "safe" and "out" on the same play (he meant "out"), later pleaded amnesia: "I don't remember doing any such thing." Shrugged Mays: "I guess I was out." One thing Conlan didn't for-

BASEBALL'S BEST

National League

Pitching: Purkey, Cincinnati (23-5)
 Batting: Davis, Los Angeles (.346)
 RBI: Davis, Los Angeles (153)
 Home Runs: Mays, San Francisco (49)
 Stolen Bases: Wills, Los Angeles (104)

American League

Pitching: Herbert, Chicago (20-9)
 Batting: Runnels, Boston (.326)
 RBI: Killebrew, Minnesota (126)
 Home Runs: Killebrew, Minnesota (48)
 Stolen Bases: Aparicio, Chicago (31)



DANCING IN THE INFIELD



PUT OUT AT THIRD



LARRY STUNGIS
 DARK, DARK MOMENT



MISSING A HOMER



BERRA LOSING A RACE
 Coogan's Bluff revisited.



MAYS BAPTIZED WITH BUBBLY



MARIS MAKING THE TRY



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When? The Hartford's 16th Annual Junior Fire Marshal Program gets underway this month. It will reach more than 4,000,000 youngsters. (That brings the total num-

ber of young people trained in this program to over 20,000,000!)

The Hartford Junior Fire Marshal Program has been enthusiastically received and encouraged by thousands of the nation's teachers, civic leaders and fire officials. This warm community support is one reason why The Hartford feels that the Junior Fire Marshal Program is well worthwhile. There are also 4,000,000 more reasons. They're today's Junior Fire Marshals.



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MUSIC

Word from Horowitz

When Vladimir Horowitz walked from the Carnegie Hall stage into retirement nine years ago, he continued to talk for a while with his audience through recordings. Then, because of differences with RCA Victor, the recordings also stopped, and the pianist's worshipful fans were left to guess the results of the painstaking restudy of piano literature that he had undertaken. Part of the answer is on a new Columbia LP. Officially released last week on the occasion of Horowitz' 58th birthday, it stirred such interest that it had sold some 15,000 copies by week's end.

For his first recording in three years, Horowitz selected works of composers with whom he has long been identified—Chopin's *Sonata No. 2 in B-Flat Minor*, Rachmaninoff's *Etude-Tableau in C Major* and *Etude-Tableau in E-Flat Minor*, Schumann's *Arabesque*, Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 10*. In all of them Horowitz triumphantly demonstrates that whatever it is that keeps him from the concert stage, it is surely not failing artistic power. The glittering, steely technique is still there; Horowitz can play the piano with a strength and a seething air of controlled violence that no other pianist can match. But he also seems less concerned with surfaces, more concerned with the simplicities that lie beneath them for a reflective eye to see.

In the years of his retirement, the "most interesting" of his life, Horowitz has practiced practically every morning in his Manhattan house; he feels that his playing has become considerably more relaxed than it was when he was on the concert stage. Much of the rest of his time he passes listening to an immense record collection—his most recent interest is in old opera recordings—or playing canasta with his wife, Toscanini's daughter.



VLADIMIR HOROWITZ

The longer absent, the more interesting.

ter Wanda. He plans to make more records for Columbia. "Since I don't appear before the public now," he says, "I want to make each record like a recital; I want to give lots of styles, music from different centuries."

In fact, the immediately favorable response to his present album has made Horowitz consider more seriously a return to the concert hall. "Oh, yes," he says, "it is very possible that I will play, but I don't want to travel." And he will probably give his public scant warning of what would surely be the most dramatic and talked-about recital of the year. "I would like," says Horowitz, "to announce an appearance quite modestly—and at the last minute."

The Two Schumans

"I'm a composer," says William Schuman, "and I'm also an administrator. I can't imagine a life when I couldn't do both—or each." Last week Schuman was doing both. As president of Manhattan's Lincoln Center, he turned what one associate calls his "leaping mind" to the myriad problems that follow on the center's glittering opening; as a composer he sneaked away from his office to listen to the New York Philharmonic rehearse his new *Eighth Symphony*. The premiere of the *Eighth*, in fact, was a reminder of the unique combination of talents the center has in its new boss.

When the Philharmonic commissioned the symphony in 1960, Schuman was still president of the Juilliard School of Music. The composing took him, Schuman computes, 645 hours and 30 minutes, and he finished it last June. The symphony was a typically Schuman-crafted product: powerful, impetuous, rhythmically complex and grindingly dissonant—a work more notable for its vigor and blaring momentum than for charm or lyric effects. Schuman, though he is a difficult composer to classify in any specific school, is an easy composer to recognize: in his symphonies he has shown a fascination with quirky, eccentric rhythms, a love of massed, brassy sound, a powerful dramatic sense. In the *Eighth*, unfortunately, drama generally outweighs substance; the music stunned but never entirely convinced.

Dual Discipline. When General Maxwell Taylor resigned as Lincoln Center's president to become President Kennedy's military adviser, Schuman seemed an ideal successor. He insisted that he must have time to compose: "You want an artist, I presume, not an ex-artist." The board agreed, and Schuman prepared to launch himself into what he calls his "dual discipline." In the less harried Juilliard days, it involved sandwiching in roughly 600 hours of composing a year between administrative responsibilities. Schuman achieved this by paying scrupulous attention to time: "When I sit down to compose, I note the time, for instance, 9:17 a.m. If I'm called to the phone, I note a loss of, say, three minutes."



WILLIAM SCHUMAN

In half the time, twice the work.

Schuman knows how to delegate authority, but he is not "a believer in the chain-of-command concept. I have always jumped channels and will continue to do so." His first move at Lincoln Center was to call his staff to his austere net office to ask them to discuss their "projects"—a favorite word—and to propose some projects of his own. He then set completion dates and asked for progress reports. The project he is happiest about so far: a \$10 million special fund earmarked by Lincoln Center to support educational projects and to encourage the commissioning and production of new works.

Singing Composer. Schuman's associates are continually amazed at his ability to "do twice the work in half the time it would take the average person." He is aided by a mind that has always been thoroughly analytical; he recalls that when he decided to write his first opera in 1951 he said to himself, "Let's approach this thing in cold blood. What is it that is thoroughly American?" His answer was baseball, and he promptly got to work on *The Mighty Casey*. Moreover, Schuman's memory is so acute that he has without hesitation recalled a budget figure from two or three years back and named the page it was on.

For all that, even Schuman has had to abandon his composing temporarily under pressure of his Lincoln Center work. But he permits himself musical thoughts while driving his maroon Oldsmobile home to New Rochelle (45 minutes) at night, and he even indulges in a little mental composing. At such times, the Lincoln Center's president sings in a wild, loud voice, "I sing all the different instruments," he says, "I'm a singing composer."



SALES: Motor Co. Division, General Motors Corp.

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new true-center drive line makes the 1963 Cadillac smoother, quieter and more efficient than ever. And there are twelve new models, including two individually styled coupes, the distinguished Sixty Special and world-famed Eldorado. Each has the widest choice of colors, fabrics and personal options in Cadillac history. What could enhance a portrait of the new 1963 Cadillac? Only you behind the wheel. Your authorized dealer will gladly reserve a car for your sitting.





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MODERN LIVING

THE CITY

Taken Unawares

The perils that lurk in the big city are not all from muggers and mashers—as anyone knows who has listened to Manhattan's sirens incessantly ululating some emergency. In the past five weeks, for instance, New Yorkers and their guests have been taken unawares in some surprising ways.

► Jack Badiner, 62, and his brother Julius, 60, operators of a knitting mill in Minneapolis, were walking on 43rd Street at Times Square when a motorcycle driven by Messenger Richard Zagami, 20, hit a hole in the street, bounced out of control and killed them both.

► Some 200 people were eating lunch in Rosoff's Restaurant, also on 43rd Street just east of Times Square, when a Lincoln Continental sedan driven by Paul Bonadio, 59, shot out of a parking garage next door, caromed off the opposite curb and zoomed straight through Rosoff's window into the bar. Three people died in the shambles of glass and metal, and six others were injured.

► Captain Robert Selmer, 40, of Falls Church, Va., a Navy jet pilot, was walking with two companions along 47th Street near Third Avenue one evening when a high wind whipped a plank from a nearby building under construction. The plank crashed down on him and severed his right arm.

One day last week at a New York Telephone Co. building at 213th Street and Broadway, the 500 office workers, mostly women in the company's clerical departments, were beginning their lunch hour. Some of them had left the building to eat, but it was the day before payday, and many of them had economized by bringing their own lunches and taking



PALCO'S PLASTIC LAKE NEAR PALM SPRINGS: BEFORE



... AND AFTER
Big splash in the desert.

them down to the cafeteria in the basement. In the boiler room next to the cafeteria, the watch engineer had just stepped out to cash a check. It was 12:07.

With a reverberating, mind-stopping roar, one of the three steel boilers, 15 ft. long and 5 ft. across, exploded at one end. The escaping steam roared out through the aperture with the thrust of a rocket, drove the boiler through the wall into the cafeteria, on through the ceiling into the first-floor accounting office, then hurtled down into the cafeteria again and through the far wall into a file room. Stumbling through the choking, smoking chaos of shattered walls and furniture and bodies, survivors thought the city must have been hit by an atomic bomb. Many of them joined hands in human chains to guide each other outside. Photographs of the blasted mass of wreckage had an eerie unreality, suggesting the paintings of Lyonel Feininger. Fire Commissioner Edward Thompson later diagnosed the disaster as a probable failure of automatic devices designed to regulate the boiler's water level. The toll: 21 dead, 86 injured.

RECREATION

Lakemakers

In the middle of a sun-scorched desert, in thirsty earth so deep-dry that it could soak up Niagara Falls, the blue waters of a sailboat-dotted lake ripple and lap at the parched shore. A mirage? No—the product of a burgeoning new business: lakemaking.

The main problem of lakemaking in arid areas is not in getting the water—it is almost always to be had by deep drilling—but in holding it. The new solution is a

lake lining of seepage-proof polyethylene plastic only six millimeters thick (asphalt and clay break up under water after a time; cement is too expensive). The two top companies in the field, both in California, are Palco, Inc. of Indio and Kepner Plastics of Torrance. In a bulldozed lake basin, plastic is laid down in strips up to 40 ft. wide and 400 ft. long at the rate of about half an acre a day. The strips are sealed together (one company uses heat, the other mastic and tape). The resulting seams are buried in twelve-inch trenches and covered with dirt to anchor the liner to the lake floor. Recreational lakes need an additional six-inch layer of earth to protect the plastic bottom from being holed by boat anchors and fish spears.

Both lakemaking companies are beginning to receive inquiries and orders from dry spots as far afield as Australia and Trinidad. Biggest splash so far has been Kepner's 20-acre lake at California City, which was completed last year at a cost of \$45,000; Palco is currently negotiating for two other California lakes of 30 to 100 acres each.

Theoretically there is no limit to the size of an artificial lake, says Palco President John M. Blatt: "We could line the Sahara if someone would pay for it." Lakemaker Blatt sees an enormous future for man-made recreational lakes. "Even in Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico, every town now can have its own lake for swimming, fishing and boating," he says. "This will create a new market for boatmakers and make life more pleasant for arid-zone aquatic-sports fans, many of whom now travel hundreds of miles just to get wet."



PHONE COMPANY WRECKAGE SCENE
Rocket blast for lunch.

RELIGION

The RSV in New Editions

For ten years, Thomas Nelson & Sons has held exclusive publishing rights to the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. This privilege is roughly like having the right to print greenbacks, for lately the RSV has been selling a million copies a year. Last week the Nelson monopoly ran out, and five more publishers jumped into the RSV field after being blessed in a special service at Manhattan's Riverside Church.

Water Buffalo Hide. The Revised Standard Version was not considered a likely source of profit in 1936 when Nelson decided to help the National Council of Churches finance the revision in return for a ten-year exclusive license on its sale. Many churchmen and publishers thought the RSV could never make a dent in King James Version sales, but it now accounts for a fifth of the U.S. market. When scholars finally finished the RSV in 1952, Nelson spent \$3,000,000 on preparation and plates, sank a phenomenal \$500,000 in promotion the first year of publishing, followed by \$400,000 the second year, and \$300,000 every year thereafter. It paid off. Originally published in two editions, selling at \$6 and \$10, Nelson eventually produced 122 editions with a variety of bindings, including a pulpit edition (price: \$70 to \$120) that sold 25,000 copies. One year the company bought the entire North American catch of sealskin for bindings, had to turn to water buffalo hide from India when that ran out.

Four years ago, the National Council of Churches, which still owns the RSV's copyright and last year collected \$190,000 in royalties on its sales, began looking around for additional publishers. Of the five new firms, only Philadelphia's A. J. Holman Co. will battle Nelson in the field of expensive pulpit Bibles. The other companies all claim to have some feature all to themselves.

Watermarked Sealskin. The *Oxford Annotated Bible: Revised Standard Version* (\$7.95 and \$12.50) is, says Oxford University Press, "expected to fill an existing need for an edition of the RSV that

will provide authoritative explanations of many points in the text." William Collins Sons & Co. is advertising the *Collins Clear-Type Platin Text RSV Bible*, which features "four pages of full-color illustrated helps, a Biblical time chart in color, an entirely new collection of modern full-color photographs, and an eight-page, full-color selection of maps"—all for only \$8.50 in the edition with "French Morocco Black Leather semi-overlapping covers, red under gold edges, ribbon marker, boxed." Harper & Row has a children's Bible with 44 pages of new Children's Helps, "the first set of helps that children can use fully and understand easily." Harper also claims its "black watermarked sealskin is the only such binding announced by any RSV publisher." Cleveland's The World Publishing Co. will turn out the RSV in 32 editions.

All this energy by its rivals causes no alarm at Thomas Nelson. Its management believes that the basic demand for the Bible, helped by the thousands spent in promotion by the five new publishers, will increase the market enough so that Nelson will sell even more RSV Bibles than it did as a monopoly.

Michael Cantuar

"I have, alas, only one illusion left," admitted 10th century English Clergyman Sydney Smith, "and that is the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Americans who view the Primate of All England as the final personification of the formidable, ceremonious English Establishment are unlikely to be disillusioned by the sight of the rooth Archbishop, who this week begins a 23-day tour of the U.S. A huge, shambling man, with fierce tufts of white hair and shaggy eyebrows jutting from his massive head, Arthur Michael Ramsey, 57, looks constantly at the ready to don cope and miter for the crowning of a Queen or the intonation of a weighty pronouncement. "When you see him in the Abbey, enrobed and preaching on Christmas, he and the church are one," says one of his vicars. "He is the church."

But Michael Ramsey is also a complex



ARCHBISHOP RAMSEY
He gives up epigrams for Lent.

churchman who is facing complex 20th century problems. A Cambridge-trained scholar and theologian, he came to Canterbury with a reputation for both deep spirituality and donnish wit—a man unwilling to compromise his own stern theology, but so fond of epigrams that he gives them up for Lent. Frankly at home in high-church ceremony, he nonetheless seems at times the amiable country parson, enjoying simple amusement in self-deflation. Archbishop Ramsey always signs his name "Michael Cantuar"—the traditional Latin abbreviation for Canterbury—but he sometimes autographs pictures "Michael, Archbishop of Canterbury," joking that the longer title "seems to give the people more for their money."

Battling Indifference. Michael Cantuar heads a church that some think is almost illusory despite its established position. Although 27 million Englishmen are baptized as Anglicans, fewer than 10 million are confirmed members, and only 3,000,000 are regular communicants. The church is short on priests and short on reform, and after 15 months at Lambeth Palace, Ramsey does not underestimate the seriousness of the plight.

"The major problem facing us," he says, "is of religion itself, of promoting religion in a country and a world where people are indifferent to it." For the specific problems, Ramsey has prescribed some solid measures. Through widespread recruitment and expansion of training facilities, the margin of new clergymen over deaths and retirements is slowly beginning to widen; and last week the church got its first fulltime recruiter of clergymen.

Ramsey is more and more concerned about public issues, as though heeding such critics as Author J. B. Priestley, who wrote recently that the Church of England "spends too much time dressing itself up and not enough time dressing other people down." The Archbishop fights capital punishment, advocates gen-



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eral (though not unilateral) disarmament, spoke out vehemently in the House of Lords against the bill to slow nonwhite immigration from other Commonwealth countries. Last week the church proposed the establishment of a National Council of Alcoholism—predicated on the recognition that alcoholism is a disease rather than a moral flaw. In the continuing English debate on laws concerning prostitution, homosexuality and adultery, Ramsey holds that "morality is not best promoted by giving criminal status to every kind of grievous sin."

Disestablishment. The reforms that scholarly Michael Ramsey wants most are in Anglican worship and in the church's control over its own affairs. Early in his primacy, Ramsey set up a committee to suggest a new method of choosing bishops, who for four centuries have been appointed by the King, traditionally on the recommendation of the Prime Minister. He has also ordered reform in the Book of Common Prayer, unchanged since 1662. By introducing the prayer book revisions experimentally and in stages, Ramsey hopes to avoid a direct conflict with Parliament, which flatly turned down a prayer book revision in 1928. Yet the Archbishop leaves little doubt about his willingness to leave the convenient embrace of the state if necessary: "I think we can get the reforms we need without that. But I would choose disestablishment rather than have those reforms made impossible."

Ramsey also applies this pragmatism to the ecumenical movement. He is one of the six presidents of the World Council of Churches, has continued his longtime scholarly interest in the Orthodox Church with the first visit to the Soviet Union by an Archbishop of Canterbury, and last spring ordered the revival of ecumenical conversations with the Church of Scotland. He warns that unity is "not just togetherness with one another," but getting together with the Roman Catholic Church is simplified for High Churchman Ramsey by the feeling that he never left it. An old Ramsey epigram: "When an Anglican is asked, 'Where was your church before the Reformation?', his best answer is to put the counterquestion, 'Where was your face before you washed it?'"

Although the Archbishop believes that administration is "something to be got on with and not deified," he finds that more and more time must be spent in his Lambeth Palace study bending over his old-fashioned ledger on details of running "All England." But he spends a greater proportion of his time at Canterbury than did his predecessor—brisk Organization Man Geoffrey Fisher—and hopes to remain more of a spiritual leader than a church administrator.

On his U.S. visit, Ramsey will strengthen ties between Anglicans and Episcopalians, will receive four honorary degrees. He plans to deliver at least six lectures, a dozen sermons. Says an administrative bishop: "He wants to lecture and to meet theologians and theological students—that's his main reason for coming."



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it will be invited to supply talent and material and to bid on jobs. In addition, there are "institutional" ads—such as the Container Corp. of America's series on "Great Ideas of Western Man"—by which companies aim to create an aura of progressiveness in order to recruit customers, stockholders or employees.

Among institutional and industrial advertisers—and even in consumer-oriented industries where products are distinctively different and personal salesmanship is still a vital element—advertising is considered a "controllable" expense to be cut in lean times. Thus General Motors, the world's biggest advertiser (1961 budget: \$142 million), pegs its advertising budget for the coming year directly to what it thinks its sales will be. But for manufacturers of low-priced packaged goods such as beer, proprietary drugs and processed foods, advertising is the one thing that can notably increase sales—which is one reason why the nation's four smaller cigarette companies spend almost twice as high a percentage of their gross on advertising as front-running R. J. Reynolds and American Tobacco.

In the fast-turning world of packaged goods, where advertising budgets often run higher than the costs of production and a blindfolded customer can scarcely distinguish between competing brands, it is the adman's task to find and exploit any slight difference, real or imagined, in his client's product. Says one top packaged-goods executive: "If we've got a real product difference, we could let any kid from the Harvard Business School write the ads. When we've got parity of product, though, that's when we need the pros."

The *Enfant Terrible*. For Madison Avenue's pros, the task of getting across the client's message is getting harder all the time. The average American is now exposed to 10,000 TV commercials a year. As the number increases, so do the admen's worries about "overexposure." Frets Chicago agency Chief Earle Ludgin: "Customers are getting deaf to advertising. They're able to ignore it and pass it by." Before long, echoes Young & Rubicam President George Gribbin, "the day of the shout will be gone."

But it is not gone yet. Most admen profess to detect evidence of "increased public consciousness" of advertising—by which they mean more vocal public irritation with strident or tasteless ads. Armed with surveys of "thought leaders" to buttress their point, the majority of admen lay the blame on the newest major force in advertising: television. An ad for a deodorant or a panty girdle seems right at home in a women's magazine; the audience is "selective" and the scanning eye can reject the ad if it wishes. But the TV audiences in the nation's living rooms are "unselective," often mingling parents, children and casual friends, and in such an atmosphere an explicit ad blares out to the embarrassment of all. Says President Norman Strouse of J. Walter Thompson: "It is a simple matter to turn a page, but TV makes it possible for advertisers to impose rudely on the viewer with every unhappy

Superb Quality



KENTUCKY GENTLEMAN

Kentucky Straight Bourbon • 86 proof • Distilled and Bottled by Barton Distilling Company, Bardstown, Nelson County, Kentucky

LE MATERIEL TELEPHONIQUE S.A.

a subsidiary of

International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation

has acquired

SOCIETE DES POMPES SALMON

The undersigned assisted in the negotiation of this transaction.

LAZARD FRÈRES & CO.
New York

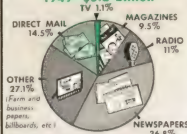
LAZARD FRÈRES & CIE.
Paris

October 2, 1962

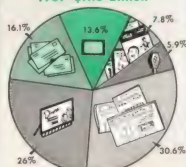
WHERE THE AD DOLLAR GOES

(Expenditures by Media)

1949 - \$5.2 billion



1961 - \$11.8 billion



TIME Chart by V. Puglio

practice of the industry—hard sell, bad taste, driving repetition.”

Many admen tend to ascribe much of the responsibility for television's excesses to one source: Manhattan's Ted Bates & Co., which funnels a greater percentage of its business into TV than any other agency (80%), and has rocketed from nowhere in 1940 to fifth place among all U.S. agencies, with billings last year of \$163 million. Chief Executive Theodore Lewis Bates, 61, is a shrewd Down-Easter who graduated *cum laude* from Yale ('24) and is still one of Manhattan's most facile copywriters. But the *enfant terrible* at Bates is Chairman Rosser Reeves, 52, who propagated the dogma of the Unique Selling Proposition, or USP. The rule: find a unique proposition that promises a specific benefit to the customer and will thereby sell The Product. The agency then takes the USP and hammers it home with water-torture repetition—Colgate Dental Cream “Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth,” “Wonder Bread Helps Build Strong Bodies 12 Ways.” (The Bates people like to observe that 20th Century-Fox may not recoup its \$30 million investment in *Cleopatra*, but that their controversial “split-level head” television commercial for Anacin cost only \$20,000 and raised sales of the pills by a whopping \$35 million.)

Reeves holds that once he has linked a USP with one of his clients' products, he has no need to worry about the fact

that rival products may be able to offer the same “unique” benefit. All toothpastes clean breath as well as teeth but, says Reeves, if a rival were to make such a claim, it would only remind the public of Colgate. Although the Bates agency engages an expensive stable of doctors and scientists to ensure that its claims are “FTC-able,” the Federal Trade Commission sometimes takes the fun out of the USP game. It has blown the whistle on Bates for suggesting that Carter's Pills had something to do with the liver (even though Carter had made that claim long before it hired Bates in 1942), for sprinkling drops of water on Blue Bonnet margarine to indicate that it alone delivered “flavor gems,” and for pasting sand on plexiglass to demonstrate that Palmolive Rapid Shave could shave “sandpaper.”

Battle over Controls. Despite its general concern over the television problem, the ad industry has mixed emotions about this kind of crackdown by the FTC. Most admen profess to see serious, long-range danger in the order that the FTC issued in the Rapid Shave case—a sweeping decree that forbade Colgate and Bates to misrepresent the merits of Rapid Shave “or any other shaving cream,” or to use “spurious mockups or demonstrations for any product” on pain of fines up to \$5,000 a day. Opponents of the ruling hold that it amounts to an unspecified threat of punishment.

A majority of admen are also disturbed over the FTC's attempt to win greater powers from Congress. As matters now stand, the FTC has to battle its way through the courts to force withdrawal of an ad that it deems untruthful or misleading. (In the Carter case, it took the Government 16 years to get the company to remove the word liver from the name of its pills.) What the FTC wants is authority to issue its own temporary cease-and-desist orders against ads it deems objectionable, pending a court ruling.

This FTC request has been rattling around Washington for years—and is likely to do so for quite a while to come. A vocal minority of admen, however, would like to see it granted. Says Fairfax Cone: “The industry cannot police itself—it never could. The FTC is just reaching for more authority to do what it's supposed to do.”

Moving on from questions of truth—which involve only a small minority of today's ads—a few admen even argue that the FTC should be given more power to deal with questions of taste. But to most observers, including many outside the ad industry itself, this seems a highly dubious proposition. To give any official body—appointed or elected—the right to determine what is “good taste” would scarcely jibe with the traditional U.S. view of a free society.

Nor is there any obvious compelling need for such a drastic departure. “You can tell the ideals of a nation by its advertisements,” wrote British author Norman (South Wind) Douglas. Allowing for occasional flaws in the glass, advertising is simply a mammoth mirror of the world around it, and the intellectuals who flog

advertising are using it, consciously or unconsciously, as a whipping boy for all that they dislike about U.S. society and the U.S. character. In the most effective rebuttal any adman has yet made to Arnold Toynbee, William Bernbach wrote: “Mr. Toynbee's real hate is not advertising. It is the economy of abundance.... If Mr. Toynbee believes a materialistic society is a bad one (and I am not saying he is wrong in that belief), then he owes it to mankind to speak out against such a society and not merely against one of the tools that is available to any society.”

In fact, as Historian Toynbee should know, taste and cultivation have historically reached their heights in prosperous societies. By helping to produce mass prosperity, advertising has at least indirectly helped to raise the general level of taste in the U.S.—a development that, in turn, has been mirrored in advertising itself. Even its critics concede that advertising has come a long way since the days when national magazines were littered with ads for nostrums that purported to cure everything from consumption to lost manhood, and when a U.S. soapmaker could bugle: “If we could teach the Indians to use SAFOLIO, it would quickly civilize them.” Today most ads, if not 99.44% of them, strive for both taste and believability. And, assuming a continued increase in U.S. affluence and culti-



MEASURING EYE RESPONSES
The candlers are coming.

vation, tomorrow's advertising should be even more sophisticated and tasteful.

Whatever the state of American culture, all signs are that advertising will always be a conspicuously visible part of it. Fascinated as it is with the business of finding better ways to live, the U.S. public wastes little time worrying about whether advertising may be damaging to its collective psyche. It is unlikely that the citizenry will ever take the step some admen seem to yearn for and pass a national vote of thanks to advertising for its part in enriching U.S. life. But it is equally unlikely that the public will ever be suborned out of its unemotional recognition of the adman for what he is: a highly effective salesman without whose efforts the world would be a far more primitive and less pleasant place.

July, 1925: A mother cat stops traffic cold on a hot summer day in New York.



If you were born in 1925...

New England Life brings you facts and figures about cash value life insurance.

Somebody keeps setting the clock ahead. Already you find yourself in your late thirties. And, if you're like most men, you're up against these two problems: giving your family immediate financial protection; setting money aside for education expenses, emergencies or retirement.

You can solve both problems with a New England policy . . . and even look forward to taking out a lot more money than you put in.

Say you buy a \$15,000 policy. Then assume you leave your dividends on deposit through the years. (For illustration here, we'll apply our 1962 dividend scale, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value for your policy at age 65 is \$13,535. But your premium payments total only \$10,576. This means that all the dollars you put in and \$2,959 more can be yours to use at retirement. It adds up to a really sound deal for you, doesn't it?

Whether you were born in 1925 or not, tell us to mail you our booklet, "The Three Dimensions of Life Insurance." It will give you additional facts and figures. Write to Department 7T, 501 Boylston Street, Boston 17, Massachusetts.



NEW ENGLAND LIFE

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. ALL FORMS OF INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE. ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS. GROUP HEALTH COVERAGE.

THE MEN ON THE COVER

The twelve executives on TIME's cover this week do not exhaust the list of movers and shakers in advertising. But each represents an advertising philosophy or technique that has helped to make the industry what it is and seems likely to shape its future.

STROUSE: The Professional Manager

THE General Motors of U.S. advertising is New York's J. Walter Thompson Co. with 17 U.S. branches, 38 abroad, and worldwide billings last year of \$380 million. In the driver's seat at Thompson is President Norman Hulbert Strouse, 55, a determinedly unemotional man whose prime strength lies not in the creative side of advertising but in meticulously efficient administration of his sprawling organization. Like Strouse, who wears a toothbrush mustache and half-rimmed glasses, Thompson exudes an air of solid dependability. It shuns the hard sell to turn out orthodox, convincing ads for such blue-chip clients as Ford, Kodak and Kraft Foods, Strouse became the third chief executive in Thompson's 84-year history in 1960, when he was hurdled over 84 other vice presidents to succeed Stanley Resor, then 81, who had run the agency for 44 years. The self-educated son of a railway clerk, Strouse joined Thompson as a space buyer in San Francisco 33 years ago and, after a World War II stint as a major on MacArthur's staff, rode the Ford account to the top of the agency. In his spare time, Strouse turns out handsomely designed pamphlets on a hand printing press in his elegant triplex apartment on Manhattan's Beekman Place.

HARPER: Cussed & Discussed

MAN is captured by what he chases," says Marion Harper, Jr., 46, chairman of Interpublic, the top block in the complex corporate structure that has grown out of Manhattan's McCann-Erickson agency. What hulkling Marion Harper openly chases is Norman Strouse's crown as head of the biggest U.S. agency. Gifted with uncommon ability at convincing argument and a metabolism that enables him to step into a conference with a client daisy-fresh after 24 solid hours of work, Harper became president of McCann at 32. Since then he has personally won for his agency such accounts as Coca-Cola and Buick and has increased its worldwide billings 600% to \$374 million last year—second only to Thompson. An Oklahoman who went to Andover and Yale, Harper is an inveterate theorist who has become the most cussed and discussed man in advertising by expanding McCann into a maze of separate companies, each designed to offer advertisers a different kind of communications or advertising service. So far, Harper's costly expansion program has left McCann with small profit, but his competitors still keep a nervous eye on the thrusting man who begins each day at his \$150,000 Irvington, N.Y. home by simultaneously reading a book and pedaling a few miles on his stationary bicycle.

GRIBBIN: The Copywriter's Friend

WORKING in a plain-show office that does not even boast air conditioning, George Homer Gribbin, 55, presides over Young & Rubicam's 1970 billings (\$250 million), the nation's third biggest agency. "We're always described as the second-best agency, right after the agency that's making the pitch for itself," says Gribbin, grinning behind his Mephistophelian eyebrows. Prime reason is that, unlike some of his competitors, Gribbin encourages his copywriters to exercise their individual style, on the theory that there are no hard-and-fast rules for producing effective advertising. Some of the results: those ads in which the Life Savers look good enough to nibble right off the page, and the discreet "Modest . . . because," Michigan-born and Stanford-educated (29), Gribbin broke into advertising as a copywriter for Detroit's J. L. Hudson department store, worked his way eastward to Manhattan's Macy's before

joining Y. & R. in 1935. A dry, reflective man who claims to play "the worst golf in the ad business," he won his spurs at Y. & R. with his whimsical ads for Arrow shirts and Borden's "Elsie the Cow" campaign.

BROWER: The Frank Critic

MADISON Avenue's favorite phrasemaker is Charles Hendrickson Brower, 60, the shuffling, 6-ft. 4-in. president of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne, which had 1961 billings of \$245 million and is the U.S.'s fourth largest agency. A one-time English teacher who describes his forebears as "New Jersey peasants for generations," Brower made his name at B.B.D. & O. as a copywriter with an infinite capacity for hard work. Propelled unexpectedly into the presidency in 1957, he was promptly hit with the loss of the \$7,000,000 Revlon account. His reaction: "I'll just go out and get seven new \$1,000,000 accounts." He did even better, personally hooking the \$12.5 million Pepsi account and the \$21 million Dodge account. Feared by his colleagues for his "terrifying frankness," Brower is nonetheless much sought after as a public speaker, won wide attention a few years ago by asserting that the U.S. was verging on decadence with "the two-hour lunch, the three-day weekend and the all-day coffee break. What we have to do is teach that work can be fun—that the only reward life offers is the thrill of achievement." No decadent himself, Brower lives in an unpretentious New Jersey home that he bought 20 years ago, and until recently mowed his own lawn.

BURNETT: The Midwestern Marvel

LEGEND has it that 70-year-old Leo Burnett works from before dawn till after dark 364 days a year—and takes Christmas morning off. Through his ability to connect folksy attention-getting ads, Chairman Burnett has lifted the billings of Chicago's Leo Burnett Co. to \$136 million, largest for any agency west of the Hudson. Out of Burnett's oven came the Pillsbury cake-mix campaign, which set a much imitated standard for food ads by running a mouth-watering photo of a cake under copy that appealed to Mrs. America's subliminal desires and fears ("You triumph, you please, you make everybody very, very happy"). Burnett's earthy roots go back to St. Johns, Mich., where he helped write ads for his father's dry goods store. But his career really started at General Motors, where he rose to head Cadillac's advertising department before switching to ad agency work. In 1935 Burnett mortgaged his house, borrowed on his insurance, and thereby raised \$50,000 to start his own agency "because there was nobody else here in Chicago." Today, his personal trademark is the bowl of red apples that sits in each of his agency's reception rooms—a permanent rejoinder to a scoffing gossip columnist who warned years ago that Burnett, by going into business for himself, would "wind up selling apples."

CONE: Toughness & Taste

SHOW me this young genius of yours," sneered tyrannical George Washington Hill, the late president of the American Tobacco Co. Up stood Fairfax Mastick Cone bearing an ad with the slogan that was to be his lucky strike: "With men who know tobacco best . . . it's Luckies two to one." That was in 1941, when "Fax" Cone was 38, but his boss, famed Adman Albert Lasker, never forgot it. In 1942, when Lasker decided to retire, he sold his prospering agency, Lord & Thomas, to three top staffers including Cone for a bargain-basement \$167,000. Today, as Chicago's Foote, Cone & Belding, the agency is the nation's seventh biggest, and Cone, as

chairman of the executive committee, is its boss. Its worldwide billings last year: \$127 million. Cone, who ran away from his San Francisco home at 16 to spend two years as a merchant seaman, still has the knack of pleasing tough tycoons (among his clients: Howard Hughes), but he is equally respected by his peers for the eye-appealing campaigns that he has staged for packaged goods ranging from Clairol to Kool-Aid. A trustee of the University of Chicago, he spends a high percentage of his time on community affairs, and his public consciousness extends to advertising. He refers to the "tasteless people" in advertising as "a miserable, crawly, noxious two or three percent who represent the advertising born of our dilemma."

LUSK: The Search for Diversity

IN a handsomely furnished Fifth Avenue eyrie Robert Emmett Lusk, 60, chairman of **Benton & Bowles**, is fighting to reverse a trend. Alone among the nation's top ten agencies, B. & B. last year suffered a loss in billings (from \$120 million to \$116 million). Lusk's answer has been a campaign to expand his agency from a specialist in advertising low-priced packaged goods to a general-purpose agency by lining up such accounts as Western Union and Mutual of New York. Lusk, a Connecticut machinist's son who worked his way through Yale ('23), rose to the top of B. & B. on the crest of a vastly successful 1946 advertising campaign for Procter & Gamble's Tide—for which he coined the slogan "Tide's In, Dirt's Out." (Early this year, with competing detergents cutting deeply into Tide's share of the market, P. & G. switched the \$9,000,000 account away from B. & B. to Manhattan's Compton Advertising.) Tall, handsome and well-tailored, Lusk rarely departs from an inborn affability. But last year, when B. & B.'s Co-Founder Chester Bowles publicly lamented the years he had spent in advertising because "there's a lot of phinness that runs through it," Lusk angrily shot back: "If an advertising man were asked to advise young people about going into politics as a career, he could say . . . that countless politicians have been grafters and crooks."

BATTEN: The Quiet Philadelphian

AS remote from Madison Avenue in spirit as they are in miles are Philadelphia's **N.W. Ayer & Son** and its chairman, candid Harry Albert Batten, 65. Born four blocks from Ayer's 13-story headquarters on West Washington Square, Batten (no kin to B.B.D. & O.'s Co-Founder George Batten) still lives only eleven blocks from the office and walks to work each morning. His agency, an envied enigma in the industry, shuns the spectacular for quiet craftsmanship, e.g., its 23-year-old "A diamond is forever" campaign for De Beers, and selects its clients with as much care as a Main liner making a suitable marriage. "When we sign up a client," says Batten, "we expect to have him for life." Ayer has had International Correspondence Schools since 1896, A.T. & T. since 1908. Ayer's employees last almost as long as its accounts. Batten joined at 14 as an office boy, learned to write ads by covering up for writers who had had one too many at lunch, became president at 39. Under him, the value of Ayer's employee-owned stock has multiplied 52 times, and billings have risen to 1961's \$113.5 million. The very thought of a move to Manhattan horrifies Batten, who says: "The pirating of personnel and accounts that goes on there is unbelievable."

GANGER: The Businessman's Adman

BREEZY Robert Mondell Ganger, 59, chairman of **D'Arcy Advertising** of Manhattan and St. Louis, was hardened in the competitive fires of manufacturing in the early 1950s when, as president of P. Lorillard Co., he was instrumental in launching Kent cigarettes. As a result, he has scant patience with the pseudo-academic theorizing of some admen, instead talks to businessmen in their own lingo: "The objective of advertising has always been to sell goods at a profit." A handy man with a trombone, Ganger (rhymes with hanger) paid his way through Ohio State ('26) by playing in campus dance bands, joined the Geyer ad agency fresh out of college. His

work on a campaign for Embassy cigarettes brought him to the attention of Lorillard—where he spent three years before resigning "for reasons of health." When he was invited to take charge at D'Arcy in 1953, Ganger walked into a disaster: loss of the \$10 million-a-year Coca-Cola account. But in a vigorous drive for new business, Ganger signed up Royal Crown Cola, has recently won Woodroot, Knox Gelatine and Plaid Stamps. With billings up to \$87 million last year, Ganger beams: "We've nearly doubled our business in the past five years—and you don't do that by luck."

LITTLE: The Big Account

CURLED like a benign bear behind his desk in Detroit's General Motors Bldg., Henry Guy Little, 60, the 212-lb. chairman of **Campbell-Ewald Co.**, masterminds the biggest single advertising account in the world: \$60 million a year from Chevrolet. It is hard to tell where Chevrolet leaves off and Campbell-Ewald begins. Only a floor separates their offices, and "Ted" Little is in on much of Chevrolet's market planning; it was he who named the Chevy II. Bent on an advertising career ever since his teen-age days in Los Angeles, Little bypassed college to go to work as a copy boy for Lord & Thomas, and learned the advertising craft from Albert Lasker. Signed up by Campbell-Ewald during World War II, he has headed the agency for the past decade, increased its billings 350% to last year's \$87 million. He leans to simple ads with somewhat corny slogans ("Swissair Swisscare"), and his personal tastes are plain. He likes to chase fire engines and listen to his vast collection of recorded noises of railroad locomotives.

CUNNINGHAM: The Voice of Conscience

JOHN PHILIP CUNNINGHAM, 65, is the debonair Don Quixote of advertising. As executive committee chairman of **Cunningham & Walsh** (1961 billings: \$48.5 million), he publicly lambastes the vulgar sell ("When we load the television screen with arrows running around people's stomachs, we are boring the public") and the oversell ("When we plaster five different commercial messages right after one another at station-break time, we are boring the public"). Harvardman ('19) Cunningham gets away with such blunt talk because admen admire him as one of the great copywriters of all time. Among his notable creations: Chesterfield's "Blow some my way," which came along as women took up smoking in earnest, and the campaign that stressed the cleanliness of the bathrooms at Texaco stations instead of the spunk of Texaco gas. Cunningham, who launched Cunningham & Walsh in 1950, once said, "Creative men build agencies. Businessmen eventually run them." Last year, stepping upstairs, Jack Cunningham turned over the chief executive's duties at C. & W. to President Carl Nichols, now 39.

OGILVY: The Literate Wizard

ADVERTISING is salesmanship—it is not time-art. Literature or entertainment," insists David Mackenzie Ogilvy, 51, chairman of Manhattan's **Ogilvy, Benson & Mather**. Yet it is Ogilvy's flair for creating ads that are literate and entertaining while tugging at the purse strings that has made him the most sought-after wizard in today's advertising industry. It was Ogilvy who immortalized Hathaway shirts with Baron Wrangel's eyepatch and bearded Commander Whitehead for Schweppes. Cultivated, charming and handsome enough to model occasionally in his own ads, British-born David Ogilvy studied history at Oxford, served a Depression stint as a chef in a Paris hotel, and sold stoves door to door in Scotland before coming to the U.S. to work for Pullster George Gallup. When he set up his agency in 1948, Ogilvy made a private list of the five clients he wanted most: General Foods, Bristol-Myers, Campbell Soup, Lever Bros. and Shell. Today he has some business from all five, and his agency's billings (\$47.5 million last year) are almost eight times greater than a decade ago. Recently he was selected by Washington to sing the charms of the U.S. to prospective tourists from Britain, France and West Germany. "Every advertisement I write for the U.S. Travel Service," he muses, "is a bread-and-butter letter from a grateful immigrant."

WORLD BUSINESS

THE MIDDLE EAST Mousetrapped in Iraq

At a midnight press conference in Baghdad's Defense Ministry, Iraq's "sole leader," Major General Abdul Karim Kassem, last week threw down the holdest challenge to Western oilmen since Iran's Mohammed Mossadegh expropriated the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. in 1951. Kassem's move: the establishment of a government-owned company to produce and market Iraqi oil.

Ever since he seized power in 1958, Kassem has been playing a cat-and-mouse game with the Iraq Petroleum Co., the international consortium^o that since 1942 has held exclusive oil exploration rights for virtually all of Iraq and has already found there proven reserves of 26.5 billion bbl. of oil. In the last four years alone, I.P.C. has invested nearly \$300 million in Iraq, and Kassem's government is largely financed by its 50% cut (\$266 million last year) of I.P.C.'s profits. But this was not enough for Kassem, who demanded that I.P.C. surrender 20% of its stock to the Iraqi government and relinquish some of its exploratory concessions as well.

In 30 nerve-racking negotiating sessions, the I.P.C. steadily gave ground until at last it offered to surrender 75% of its concession area immediately and give up another 15% within seven years. But the more the I.P.C. offered, the more Kassem asked. Last October, crying "We shall

rid ourselves of wickedness," Kassem finally broke off the talks, revoked all I.P.C. concessions save those covering 740 sq. mi. in which the company was currently producing oil. Then he began laying the groundwork for last week's establishment of a national oil company.

Because of the worldwide oil glut and Iraq's shortage of skilled technicians, some Western oilmen insist that Kassem's venture is foredoomed to failure. But unlike Iran's Mossadegh, Kassem has prudently allowed the foreign oil company to continue production, thus assuring himself of a continuing income while he dickers for help in getting his own company on its feet. And help may not be hard to find. The Soviet Union might aid Kassem simply for political advantage. And in Rome sits hawk-faced Enrico Mattei, boss of Italy's state petroleum monopoly, who delights in defying the big Western oil companies. Though Mattei is getting oil more cheaply from Russia than he probably could from Iraq, he is under mounting pressure from other Common Market members to cut back his imports of Soviet oil. A deal with Kassem could offer Mattei the one strength he now lacks: a reliable major oil supply of his own.

THE NETHERLANDS Profitable Friendship

For more than a decade, half the world's aircraft manufacturers have been struggling to develop a latter-day replacement for the traditional workhorse of the airways, Douglas Aircraft's 26-year-old DC-3. The planemaker that has come closest is Royal Netherlands Fokker Air-

craft, whose sleek, twin-turboprop F-27 Friendship is now used by 36 airlines spanning all six continents.

An Assail for the Kaiser. Fokker's past is not all friendship. The company was founded in 1913 in Germany by a ruthless, conniving aircraft designer named Anthony Fokker, who shucked off his allegiance to The Netherlands to build military aircraft for the Kaiser, Baron von Richthofen and his Flying Circus battled to fame in Fokker triplanes. After Germany's defeat, Anthony Fokker slipped back into The Netherlands, taking along six trainloads of tools and aircraft parts, and set up a new plant. His dependable F-VII monoplane spawned the rise of commercial airlines in the 1920s; it was in a modified F-VII that Admiral Byrd made his historic flight over the North Pole.

Anthony Fokker died in 1939, and four years later Allied bombers reduced the Fokker plant to ruins. After the war, Fokker executives shepherded the remnants of the company's work force together and began to rebuild. Helped by a \$7,000,000 loan from the Dutch government, Fokker introduced in 1958 its first postwar airliner, the F-27. Powered by Rolls-Royce Dart engines, the F-27 (price \$700,000) carries from 40 to 52 passengers, cruises at 300 m.p.h. It has a maximum range of 1,270 miles and an enviable safety record of only three crashes—all due to pilot error. So far, Fokker has sold 256 F-27s to customers in 25 countries, including 93 made under license in the U.S. by the Fairchild Stratots Corp.

The Monday President. Fokker is run by a troika of joint managing directors: Frits Diepen, 47 (sales and service); Hein During, 58 (finance and administration); Egbert van Emden, 47 (production and development). "Every Monday morning," says Diepen, "we sit down together and are the president." But having three pilots has not stunted Fokker's growth. Its sales have been steadily rising despite The Netherlands' severe labor shortage, are now running at an estimated \$125 million a year.

Currently, Fokker has a bulging backlog, including orders to build under license from Lockheed 350 F-104 Starfighters for the Dutch and West German air forces. The company is also developing a vertical-takeoff supersonic bomber, in conjunction with Republic Aviation, which two years ago acquired one-third of Fokker's stock. But Fokker's chief hope for the future lies in building a jet successor to the F-27. Already in wind-tunnel tests are models of the short-haul twin-jet F-28, which would cruise at 500 m.p.h. and carry 44 to 60 passengers. To appeal to underdeveloped countries where flying is booming, Fokker has designed the plane to be cheap, rugged, and simple to operate. "The underdeveloped countries will hurdle directly from DC-3s to jets," predicts one Fokker expert. Fokker hopes they will hurdle into the F-28.

^o Jointly owned by British Petroleum (formerly Anglo-Iranian Oil), Royal Dutch-Shell, Compagnie Française des Pétroles, Jersey Standard, Socony Mobil, and the estate of the late Calumet ("Mr. Five Percent") Gulbenkian.



FOKKER'S VAN EMDEN, DURING & DIEPEN WITH F-27 (INSET)
From Richthofen to Republic.



All this is extra payload

(and the WHITE COMPACT'S greater maneuverability gets it there faster, at lower cost)

Vital statistics: up to 128 cubic feet more payload capacity than other trucks with the same over-all length. Front wheels that cut almost 50° in either direction. (You can turn a COMPACT, with a 20 ft. body, completely around in 46 feet of space!)

Your choice of the most economical gas engine in the business, or a new diesel that squeezes up to 14 miles out of every gallon.

Most vital statistic: Six COMPACTS can replace *seven* conventional trucks in the same class. Which

puts it in a class by itself.

See the COMPACT by WHITE—the company that stays close to its customers . . . and listens when they speak.

THE WHITE MOTOR COMPANY
CLEVELAND 1, OHIO

Branches and dealers in all principal cities

WORLD LEADER IN HEAVY DUTY TRUCKS

WHITE TRUCKS

2x2 Ply Is Not A Theorem By Einstein

2 x 2 ply is what makes a Worsted-Text a better suit for you.

It describes a construction in which two yarns are twisted around each other to produce double vitality and spring as well as greater strength for the resulting fabric.

When this fine spun 2-ply yarn is woven into fabric in both the warp and the woof, the finished fabric possesses

higher resistance to wrinkles, faster comeback from wrinkles, more natural drape and longer wear.

It is the type of fine fabric usually found in higher priced suits.

This is another reason why suits bearing the House of Worsted-Text label are favorably compared to much higher priced clothing. At fine stores from coast to coast. From \$69.95.



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MILESTONES

Married. John Randolph Hearst Jr., 28, whilom journalist and grandson of William Randolph Hearst; and Patricia Lusk Tenny, 23, onetime Hearst magazine trainee; in Manhattan.

Died. Frank Lovejoy, 50, character actor, last seen on Broadway as the bigoted Senator in *The Best Man*; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Ludwig Bemelmans, 64, bubbly, urbane caricaturist whose lighthearted paintings and gently satirical books delighted adults and children alike; of cancer of the pancreas; in Manhattan. Son of a Belgian painter and a Bavarian brewer's daughter, Bemelmans worked as a hotel waiter, opened his own restaurant, became a bon vivant and peopled his books and canvases with epileptic Ecuadorian generals, French jewel thieves, American ladies in leather boas, and a Parisian moppel named Madeline. "The purpose of art," he once said, "is to console and amuse—myself, and, I hope, others.

Died. Lieut. General Henry Louis Larsen, 71, a burly, well-decorated (two Navy Crosses, three Silver Stars), leatherneck who fought in virtually every Marine campaign from Belleau Wood to Guadalcanal, wound up in command of all Marine forces in the Pacific and then retired in 1946 to direct Colorado's civil defense; of a heart attack; in Denver.

Died. Major General Eric Fisher Wood, 73, Pennsylvania architect who fought in the French, British and U.S. armies in World War I, and after the Armistice helped found the American Legion; after a long illness; in Bedford, Pa.

Died. Charles Francis Potter, 76, founder of the First Humanist Society of New York, a onetime Baptist minister who believed that the true savior was man instead of God, crusaded nationwide for birth control and euthanasia; of cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. Raoul Nordling, 79, Sweden's consul general in Paris for 32 years, winner of France's highest honor, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, for saving the city from destruction in August of 1944 by arranging a truce between the Resistance and German troops until the Allies arrived; of a heart attack; in Paris.

Died. Sidi Mohammed al-Amin, 81, last of the 19 Beys of Tunis, a spade-bearded figurehead given to gilt-encrusted uniforms and tinkering with his 2,000 grandfather clocks, who sat as France's puppet king from 1943 until 1957 when the new Tunisian republic ousted him—and his seven dwarf jesters—from his palace, thus ending a 257-year dynasty originally set up by the Turkish masters of the Ottoman Empire in 1705; of a heart attack; in Tunis.



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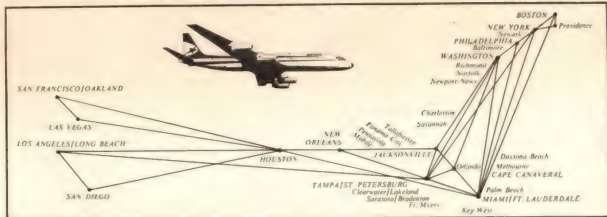
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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

The New Season

For critics of television, the time has come to lower the general standard.

Almost everyone but Newton Minow and a small group of diehards have stopped expecting new Shakespeares, or even new Jean Kerrs, to come popping out of the tube. Occasionally, TV specials do dart guiltily into advanced culture, like the flashlights of burglars in the Metropolitan Museum. Prodded by Minow, the industry has raised its public affairs programming to an admirable level, as was evident last week from Oxford, Miss., to Cape Canaveral. But people who really care about TV—the ones who habitually

but in the main they are slapstick away with casual finesse. Dickens cocks his wrist to look at his watch and pours coffee into his lap. The laughter isn't canned. Mrs. Dickens is a knockout. No one misses Charles.

Another good comedy is *Our Man Higgins* (ABC), largely because its producers have persuaded Stanley Holloway, the original Doolittle of *My Fair Lady*, to play an English butler in an American home. Holloway is such a skillful actor that he can entangle a line like this one and win: "Here's your tea, madam. I had a bit of a time getting it out of those little bags you store it in."

If *Our Man Higgins* seems a bit of a reach, it is rivaled by some of the most

Keever and the Colonel is about little boys in battle dress who wipe down their pack horses with windshield blades and sneak off to the movies during maneuvers. No one over ten with an IQ above 36 should care much for it, but it is good amusement for little boys and is on the air at 6:30 p.m. Also on NBC, Cartoonists Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera have now followed their prehistoric *Flintstones* with another family called *The Jetsons*, who live so far in the future that their school-aged kids learn terms like "crazy" and "way out" in their ancient-history courses. The Jetsons have a robot maid, a sort of Hazel with gears. Father comes home from work and says he has had a hard day at the button. Little Elroy asks his mother to tell him the story about the cow that degravitated over the moon. The show is silly and unpreten-



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THE JETSONS' MAID

watch it—are devoted to the weekly programs that contain the real stuff of television: all the heroes, heavies and broad comedians in the great video frieze that might be called the Elgin plasters. TV fills too much time to be extraordinarily worthwhile in any but a small part of it, and this will never change.

Inspecting TV's new series, which have nearly all been put on display by now, the conclusion is, that by these moderated standards, the season is rather good. Responding to Minow's exhortations, the networks have largely removed from the weekly shows the only really objectionable elements they once displayed—miscellaneous sodomists, dope-addicted teen-agers kicking babies, and so on. The overall impression of the new series suggests a great bowl of mentholated cornflakes. There are exceptions, of course, but most of the corn is healthy, the humor and situations are pugnaciously wholesome, and the killing is largely confined to historic battlefields rather than back alleys. The new material is pretty fair; and if some of it is just no good, it is at least not bad.

The Sitcoms. The best new situation comedy is ABC's *I'm Dickens—He's Fenster*, a tale of two buddies (played by John Astin and Marty Ingels) who are construction carpenters with sawed-off brains. Both are bucking for foreman.

frantically contrived situations in the history of situation comedies. The hero of NBC's *Don't Call Me Charlie* is a young, handsome, naive, lovable veterinarian named Judson McKay (Josh Peine) who is drafted out of Muscatine, Iowa, and sent by the Army to Paris. The Charlie in the title is a colonel (John Hubbard), who is the vet's superior officer. When his girl (Linda Lawson) falls in love with the boy vet, Charlie tries to ship the boy out—but no chicken colonel can dispose of the fellow who saves the parakeet that belongs to the granddaughter of an old man in blue denims who seems to have been scraped off the deck of a river barge but turns out to be the first cousin of Charles de Gaulle.

The Beverly Hillbillies (ABC) are Yokums in Smokeypatch, a family whose basic social status is reflected in this joke: "Them pigs got into the corn," says Granny. Says Pa: "Did they drink much?" Oil was found on the hillbillies' land, and they have now moved to a Beverly Hills mansion, where they keep the porcine humor squealing: "What's a smog?" "A smog's a small hog." CBS's hour-long *Fair Exchange* is about an American family that trades teen-aged daughters with an English family. It is no bargain on either side.

Set in a military school, NBC's *Mc-*

tious, corny and clever, now and then quite funny.

The Pros. Mr. Smith is back in Washington, more or less. Lifting the title of the old Jimmy Stewart movie, NBC has turned Smith into a "dip me in butter and fry me for a catfish" type, giving the role to Fess Parker. It may be—to borrow a line from its own dialogue—"in more hot water than a washcloth." Another old movie, *Going My Way*, is now a TV series (ABC), with Gene Kelly and Leo G. Carroll doing nicely as Father Bing Crosby and Father Barry Fitzgerald. In other seasons, a cackoo opera like this one might have stood out like a High Mass in the Copacabana. But many of the new season's heroes are so strong on dynamic positivism that these men in black seem almost sinister by comparison.

In addition to the priests, TV's new professional men include a lawyer and a clutch of newsmen. The tough, quick-thinking, steel-trap lawyer is NBC's Sam Benedict, played by Edmond O'Brien with sheer nervous drive, solving ten cases an hour, picking up phones, barking, slamming them down, dictating letters at 200 words a minute, grabbing punks by the throat, and so on. Statistically, a man like that ought to have a nervous breakdown at least once a week. Not Sam.

The newsmen are the staff of a New



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York daily, and they are entombed in a show called *Saints and Sinners* (NBC). To give it the benefit of the doubt, it is the worst television program since *Playhouse 90* did Kay Thompson's *Eloise*. It is certainly the phoniest city-room drama since *The Front Page*. "I went out," says the reporter hero (Nick Adams), "and I dug for it, and the deeper I dug the dirtier it got." Even the cutting is tabloid cheap. A man puts a gun at another's temple and prepares to fire. Fadeout.

The Operating Table. Despite the 1950 popularity of last season's Drs. Kilcasey, there is only one new doctor. He is a psychiatrist, played by Wendell Corey, in a program called *The Eleventh Hour* (NBC). He makes Casey and Kildare look like eight-year-old patsies with nursing kits. He handles a different case each week, plausibly and dramatically, in a part written and acted well.

The only other medical show is called *The Nurses* (CBS), none of whom should ever have been registered. The commanding figure is a charge nurse (Shirl Conway) who has the voice and manner of a rich Connecticut matron with old money and old blood. The opening episode took place in a maternity ward and was full of knowing chatter about centimeters of dilation and uterine cancer. Women writhed in pain. One died on the operating table. The dialogue was as phony as the obstetrics. Charge Nurse: "Do you want it straight, Miss Lucas?" Some other time.

Back to the Foxholes. ABC's two new battle shows are good ones. In *Combat*, a group of World War II infantrymen are working their way east from Normandy, fighting one hour per week. It has some of the dusty menace of *A Walk in the Sun*. Meanwhile, *Gallant Men* have landed at Salerno and are moving north through Italy. Roland La Starza, the heavyweight fighter who was decked by Rocky Marciano, makes a splendid soldier. There is plenty of bloodshed, but the worst is to come. By the end of the present season, when the Nazis have collapsed throughout Europe, the two ABC battalions will come face to face near the Franco-Swiss frontier.

Nearly all the new shows are an hour long. So to outdo everybody, NBC has produced TV's first 90-minute western, outdoing themselves as well. Called *The Virginian* and starring James Drury and Lee J. Cobb, this fantastically hyperthyroid out is only tenuously based on Owen Wister's novel. The background is beautifully filmed in Wyoming in color, and true enough, the dialogue rings. But the stories could happen in Flatbush, Beirut, or Port of Spain. A real western is an American *commedia dell'arte*, a stylized and inviolable cliché that is easily destroyed by subtlety and depth psychology.

Victim of the same sympathetic fallacy is *Empire* (NBC), the story of a great King, as in Texas' huge King ranch. Since it is a kidnaped stepson of *Giant*, it might have been written by somebody called Billie Sol Ferber, who proves that the West ain't what it was. One ranch hand punches another, and the punched man



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The storm broke during rehearsal of their last song, "Dark As a Dungeon." Even in the sound-proof recording studio hall, the harsh rumble of the elements could be heard in accompaniment to the bitter words of protest in the song. Before recording, they waited for dead silence... and began. As if on cue, there was the crackle of lightning followed by a tremendous thunderclap. But they continued, to repeated bursts of thunder and torrential rains. They finished, breathless from the eerily dramatic phenomenon.

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looks up and says feelingly: "I'm sorry for all your suffering."

The Retreads. A collection of old stars are either returning to TV after absences or beginning completely new shows. *The Lloyd Bridges Show* (CBS) has come out of the sea to recast Aquanaut Bridges as a journalist who dreams himself into the stories he is researching. Doing a Civil War story, for example, he closes his eyes and reappears behind a rail and post fence, blazing away for the Southern cause. The story he tells—about a temporary cease-fire arranged between men close enough to talk across the lines—is both fresh and moving.

Jack Paar's new show is a double-distillate of his midnight oil, full of song-jokes, and home movies of Paar. He so impressed President Kennedy with the part of his opening program that dealt with PT 109 and its crew that Kennedy spent half an hour trying to reach Paar



JACK PAAR
Young Jack had to wait.


afterward by phone. NBC refused to let the President talk to the King, so Young Jack had to sit back and wait until Big Jack could be contacted elsewhere.

The biggest Jack of all is back too. Something called *The Jackie Gleason Show: The American Scene Magazine* (CBS) splashed into being last week with a great har-de-har-har. Reggie Van Gleason, Joe the Bartender, even the Honey-mooners were on the air again, with Art Carney doing a special guest appearance. The Greatest was not the greatest, but he has 38 weeks to return to form.

Lucille Ball, divorced 2½ years ago from Husband Desi Arnaz, has adapted art to life by setting herself up as a divorcee with a teen-aged daughter, and is clowning as effectively as ever. Even Jack ("dum-de-dum-dum") Webb is back. This time he is retelling stories from the files of *True Magazine*. The first one was set on a hospital ship off Okinawa, where a doctor operated on a marine who had a live and sensitive shell in his body capable of blowing a six-foot hole in a steel deck. It was a hell of a moment, but Webb sank it. "At 1830 hours exactly," he intoned, "the operation began on a human bomb dead center in the circle of death." He hosts the program in an echo-chambered voice, while he stands behind the word T R U E, spelled out in block letters 20 feet high, or roughly ten times as tall as Jack Webb.



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Courtesy, "Paint & American Gothic" (left) and photo by the government in the New York City Museum and the National Art Gallery.

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CINEMA

Leg of Dinosaur

Gigot. In the middle of the cellar sits a mighty peculiar pile of something. Could it be an igloo of grease? Or maybe a Volkswagen wearing pajamas? All at once a face comes out of it, and what a face! The features are covered with hair, the hair is covered with dirt. But just as the customers are about to scream, the monster waddles comically across the floor and revolves a massive iron wheel that looks as if it opened at least a sluiceway in Grand Coulee Dam. The pipe roars like Niagara, and from the end of it rushes—a dribble. With a cake of hope the monster airily washes its face. With a burlap bag it daintily towels off and, turning to the camera, presents:

Jackie Gleason. Yessiree, the monster is none other than that ton of fun from television who in *The Hustler* scored as Minnesota Fats, a pool shark who looked like a whale with a carnation. In *Gigot* he scores again as Gigot, a Parisian janitor whose name means leg of mutton but who looks more like leg of dinosaur.

Poor Gigot. He is not very bright, and he is literally dumb. He seldom has a sou, but he has a heart of gold. People hooi and hoiler at him when he walks into a bistro—he smiles at them shyly. Children pin tails on the poor donkey—he never gets mad. But he longs to be a member of humanity, and one day he discovers the only place where he is accepted by other people: in a cemetery. After that, Gigot never misses a funeral. He stands at the graveside, shoulder to shoulder with the mourners, and weeps a hatful for the dear departed. What a pity, he thinks, that he had to die—I wonder who he was?

In a word, *Gigot* is a weeper. If Comedian Gleason has his way—and he apparently had his way with John Patrick's script and Gene Kelly's direction—movie houses will have to supply their ushers with rowboats. Fortunately, though, the sniffles are frequently punctuated with snickers, and now and then with a button-popping belly laugh. Gleason has a gift of mimicry that verges on genius, and there are moments in this movie when the thin man struggling to get out of the fat man seems to be Charlie Chaplin.

A Serpent That Eats Its Tail

Long Day's Journey into Night. Life is depicted by primitives as a serpent that eats its own tail. The serpent signifies a state of being in which pleasure and pain, life and death, eating and being eaten are the same thing. To a primitive, this state is paradise. To a conscious man, it is madness. To Eugene O'Neill, it was home. And this home, the family that nourished and devoured him, that cosseted and tortured him to greatness, the playwright has described with withering hatred and burning pity and heartsick unutterable despair in a tragedy that stands among the strangest and strongest of the century.

Journey was produced on Broadway in



GLEASON IN "GIGOT"
Accepted in cemeteries.

1936, three years after the playwright's death. Translated to the screen by Director Sidney Lumet, who has added nothing to O'Neill's playscript and taken very little away, *Journey* provides a raw red slice of family life, liberally garnished with rotgut, morphine, vitriol and sour grapes, that takes more than three hours (allowing intermission) to digest. But it feeds the inner man.

Time: 1912. Place: a summer house on the New England coast. Characters:

► **FATHER** (Sir Ralph Richardson) is an aging but still vigorous actor who went hungry as a child and has never forgotten it. As a matinee idol he got rich quick, but for fear of the poorhouse he ruined his career and destroyed his wife. When



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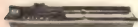
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he made a hit in a cheap meller, he played nothing else for a decade. And when his wife had a pain one night, he sent her to a cheap quack who cynically put the poor girl on morphine.

► **MOTHER** (Katharine Hepburn) is a charming, drug-ravaged must-have-been-a-beauty who grew up in a convent and dreamed of becoming a nun. But then one day Father swept her off her feet and into a squalid succession of "dirty rooms in one-night-stand hotels." When the morphine came along she was desperately ready for it, and after more than 20 years of the needle her soul is as full of holes as her skin.

► **JAMIE** (Jason Robards Jr.), the elder son, is a writer who never really wrote and an actor who can hardly act, a noisy Irish drunk who at 33 has just about worn out his ne'er-do-welcome. But he loves his younger brother well enough to warn him that he hates him too and wishes he were dead—that way he wouldn't have to compare their talents and admit his own inferiority.

► **EDMUND** (Dean Stockwell), the younger brother, is O'Neill as he was, or fondly remembered he was, at 23: a sailor home from the sea with consumption, a secret scribbler who longed to be a poet but guessed he lacked the gift.

Story there is almost none. At the beginning of the play the family is wondering whether Edmund has really got consumption and whether Mother, who has just come home from a sanatorium, has really kicked the habit. At the end of the play the family has found out that he has and she hasn't. Otherwise, the characters have done nothing but talk, talk, talk. True, in the course of the talk they reveal themselves as few characters in all the history of drama are revealed: to the depth of their shallowness, at the height of their absurdity, in the humanity of their inhumanity. But if there is revelation there is no development. In a kind of *folie à quatre* they go over and over and over the same ground, and end where they began—like the serpent that eats its own tail.

Director Lumet calls his shots so skillfully that the spectator soon forgets the film is merely a photographed play, and he works his actors for all they are worth. Robards, as he did on Broadway, makes a luminously likable louse; Richardson lacks the fire and charm of Fredric March, but he plays with wit and penetration; Stockwell, in the weakest of the parts, adds up at least as well as Bradford Dillman did; and Hepburn, though she establishes too vivid a presence for a woman who is largely an absence, nevertheless centers in intensity a drama that Florence Eldridge enveloped in pathos.

But the play is stronger than the players. In his anguished sincerity, in his dogged loyalty to his own experience, O'Neill sees deeper perhaps than any other dramatist has ever seen into family life. He sees its animal warmth, its blessed monotony, its healing private humor. And he sees all the terrible things people do to each other in the name of love.



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BOOKS

The Importance of Reverie

THE MIND AS NATURE (60 pp.)—Loren Eiseley—Harper & Row (\$2.75).

"There is a legend circulating about a late distinguished scientist who, in his declining years, persisted in wearing enormous padded boots. He had developed a wholly irrational fear of falling through the interstices of that largely empty molecular space which common men in their folly speak of as the world." To this extent, writes Anthropologist Loren Eiseley, 55, has the world of science diverged from the world of common sense, with little communication between them. In his own field, Eiseley has labored to rejoin the two worlds by tracing man's 20th century behavior back to its dark evolutionary beginnings, in language that is not only plainly comprehensible but richly poetic as well. In so doing, he has illuminated both the discoveries of the past and the confusions of the present. "Too often," says Eiseley, "a barbarous jargon separates the scientist from the rest of the world."

The Dream Animal. Most scientists ruthlessly exclude anything personal in their writings; Eiseley makes science an intensely personal experience. One evening, he recalls in *The Firmament of Time*, he was accidentally locked in a museum among grotesque skeletons of giant crabs. As the crabs began to glow in the light of sunset, he had an uneasy feeling that they had come back to life and were once again going to take over the world. When a guard showed up, Eiseley gasped in relief: "Davis, you're a vertebrate. I never appreciated it before, but I do now. I believe I'm right in congratulating you. Just remember that we're both vertebrates and we've got to stick together. Keep an eye on them now—all of them. I'll spell you in the morning."

Eiseley writes extensively of evolution only to show that it does not completely account for the success of human life. The brain, Eiseley emphasizes, allows man to escape from laws of evolution, since his body no longer has to keep adapting to environment to survive. "Man," Eiseley writes in *The Immense Journey*, a study of the origin of life, "was something the world had never seen before—a dream animal—living at least partially within a secret universe of its own creation and sharing that secret universe in his head with other similar heads. Man had escaped out of the eternal present of the animal world into a knowledge of past and future."

Double Choice. Unlike the usual "popularizer" of science, Eiseley is himself a scientist who commands the respect of his colleagues. Yet as a boy in Lincoln, Neb., he seriously considered becoming a poet. He got his love of language from his father, a little-known Shakespearean actor. His passion for science was roused

by roaming the plains of western Nebraska, one of the world's finest Tertiary fossil beds. But anthropology alone seemed too narrow a field to his roaming mind, and he also studied biology and sociology in trying to understand the nature of man. After graduating from the University of Nebraska, Eiseley taught his special brand of anthropology at various universities and for twelve years was chairman of the anthropology department at the University of Pennsylvania.

In his latest book, *The Mind as Nature*, a modest little primer for teachers, Eiseley argues that the mind is as mysterious as nature, and that its intuitions are as significant as cold empirical conclusions. "I have been labeled a mystic," writes



ANTHROPOLOGIST EISELEY
A mystic among the vertebrates.

Eiseley, "because I have not been able to shut out wonder occasionally, when I have looked at the world. [My accuser] was unaware, in his tough laboratory attitude, that there was another world of pure reverie that is of at least equal importance to the human soul."

Born of Love. Eiseley demonstrates that understanding of man's evolution can provide insights into many areas of life. Examining the cliché that "the battle is to the strong, that pity and affection are signs of weakness," Eiseley points out: "The truth is that if man at heart were not a tender creature toward his kind, a loving creature in a peculiarly special way, he would long since have left his bones to the wild dogs that roved the African grasslands where he first essayed the great adventure of becoming human. The human infant enters the world in a peculiarly helpless and undeveloped condition. Without the willingness of loving adults to spend years in nursing the helpless offspring they have produced, man would

long since have vanished from the earth."

Watching the stars, he brings the trained mind of the evolutionist to bear on the possibility of the existence of life on other planets, but explains his conclusion with his own special brand of eloquence: "Life, even cellular life, may exist out yonder in the dark. But high or low in nature, it will not wear the shape of man. That shape is the evolutionary product of a strange, long wandering through the attics of the forest roof, and so great are the chances of failure, that nothing precisely and identically human is likely ever to come that way again. There may be wisdom; there may be power; somewhere across space great instruments, handled by strange, manipulative organs, may stare vainly at our floating cloud wreck, their owners yearning as we yearn. Nevertheless, in the nature of life and in the principles of evolution we have had our answer. Of men elsewhere, and beyond, there will be none forever."

Life with the Damned

SAY NOTHING (217 pp.)—James Hanley—Horizon (\$3.95).

This bitter, brittle work has the qualities of a Byzantine mosaic. Its characters are rigidly, severely drawn; its setting is in "a tight house in a tight town where night has the depth of caves and daylight has no arch." It is written in a stream of harsh-sounding consonants, and its dialogue is a succession of jagged-edged monosyllables. Altogether, it is a novel calculated not to warm the reader but to awe him—a familiar feat for British Novelist James Hanley, 61, whose past novels have won him critical, but not popular, acclaim for their cold fury. Herbert Read has called Hanley a "great realist," and C. P. Snow writes that for "sheer power he is not surpassed by any contemporary."

Hanley's characters are locked up in a strange love-hate relationship in a town in the north of England. Joshua Baines, his wife and her sister Winifred squabble, scream and spy on one another. But none has the strength to break away; a past tragedy keeps them together. On the eve of Winifred's wedding, her fiancé, Tom, was seduced by Mrs. Baines. The wedding was called off and Tom died soon after.

Every Sunday, Mrs. Baines atones for her sin. The three go to Tom's cemetery instead of church. "Crawl up the cross!" Winifred orders. Mrs. Baines at the site of the grave. "Cry, you bitch, cry." Mrs. Baines obliges, while Winifred claws hysterically at the grave. But the rest of the week Mrs. Baines rules the household. She brutally orders her Milquetoast husband about, refuses to be in the same room with Winifred. A bad case of Calvinist repression, will-less Joshua cannot even bring himself to say "I want." His only solace is the Bible and the thought of death. Mrs. Baines consoles him: "Think of a day when you're nothing. Mr. Baines, Nothing."

When the family takes in a lodger, he is appalled at the Baines' isolation. He asks why there are no newspapers or ra-

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JAMES HANLEY
Every Sunday is sin-day.

dio, why the windows are always sealed and the doors bolted. "We're right inside ourselves," Mrs. Baines explains, "and nobody'll ever get in and pull us out." The lodger lures Joshua and Winifred out for walks, but they cannot wait to get back to punishing and being punished.


But there are occasional glimpses of their pathetic longing for a better life. For all his disgust, the lodger finds it difficult to leave this house, and so, implies Hanley, would anybody. For this is no unique madhouse; as Author Hanley sees it, it is the human condition.

Writer Wrong

AN ANSWER FROM LIMBO (322 pp.)
—Brian Moore—Atlantic-Little, Brown (\$5).

To hear the writers tell it, all writers have bad characters, if indeed they have any character at all. Matricides may be dealt with kindly in novels, an author may find a spark of good in a drug-addicted card cheat or a grasping banker, and it is an immutable law that prostitutes' hearts are warm. But let a novelist introduce a wretch whose vice is writing novels, and there begins a recital of character faults that would have horrified Caligula: the fellow is mean-spirited, lazy, a coward, lustful but inept at sex, soggy with drink, cruel to his children, and two months behind on the phone bill.

Brian Moore, the talented Irish-Canadian author of *The Feast of Lupercal* and *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*, is the latest novelist to turn savagely on his own kind. Moore's miscreant hero is Brendan Tierney, a young Belfast short-storyist who has emigrated to New York and lost his faith, acquiring in its place a magazine job, some fake Danish furniture and an authentic American wife. Brendan's problem is that he is almost 30, the age at which a promising



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to shut the
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DALE CARNEGIE

writer either writes something or becomes merely a pawned talent.

Moved to action by the severest shock a writer can sustain—a friend two years younger announces that his own novel is to be published—Brendan finds a solution. He imports his dear old mother from Belfast to look after the two children, puts his wife to work, quits the magazine, and dusts off his old manuscript. The novel goes well (the reader is never told what it is about, and it may, indeed, be about a writer), but nothing else does. Mother Tierney cannot understand Brendan's wife, and is shocked by the paganism of his household; she baptizes the children in the bathroom. The wife resents everything—Mother Tierney, the novel, her job—and gets even by having an affair with the sort of slob whose pants do not have cuffs.

"You'll sacrifice other people for your work, but will you sacrifice yourself?" a friend asks Brendan, and at the book's end Brendan thinks the answer is yes. Supposing himself to be the cause of the calamities that have overtaken the Tierney family, he figures that he has made the supreme sacrifice to his art by turning himself into a thoroughgoing bastard.

And yet is he, really? Novelist Moore obviously thinks so. But to the reader, Brendan seems unpleasant but no monster of iniquity; his wife, on the other hand, is a certifiable bitch, and her bitchery has very little to do with her husband's occupation. Without much question, Moore has got hold of the wrong villain, something an artist of his skill would not do if his topic had not blurred his vision.

Comic Opera (Act VI)

THE KINDLY ONES (254 pp.)—Anthony Powell—Little, Brown (\$4).

The kindly ones were the harbingers of all the gross Furies of history that were to despoil two generations of British youth. This, the sixth in Anthony Powell's great series of novels, called *The Music of Time*, carries Narrator Nicholas Jenkins back to the outbreak of World War I and forward to the beginnings of World War II.

In the opening flashback to the eve of World War I, Nick Jenkins is a small boy living in his father's country house at Stonehurst. The servants and the horses are in their quarters. The chef is good. All seems secure. There are no local portents of doom except a hysterical maid who appears to serve the mousie stark naked and is promptly whisked belowstairs in a Madras shawl.

The war breaks it all up, and war comes to the Jenkinsses appropriately enough with the arrival of a general in a motorcar. A visiting uncle is heard to mutter: "Never driven one in my life. Not too keen on 'em. Always involved in accidents. Some royalty in a motorcar have been involved in a nasty affair today."

Armipits & Armageddon. All this may seem trivial and inconsequential, like a parlor game in which people amuse themselves by swapping anecdotes about what

they were doing when they got the news of Pearl Harbor. But the reader, seduced by the perfectly tailored prose and the quiet delight of well-mannered comedy, may be led to overlook the muscular structure of Powell's art. Nick Jenkins is no Prince Hamlet, but as an attendant lord he misses nothing; his eyebrows are often raised, never his voice. Human action, Powell seems to be saying, is of primary importance in itself but secondary to the movements of history. The climactic events of the times take place while one's attention is otherwise engaged—scratching an arm pit or walking the dog.

Classic Comedy. In contrast to the innocents of pre-1914, those who waited, in trance or stupor, for the second doom of 1939 knew they were in for it.

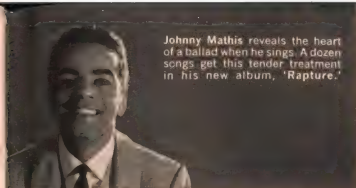
Nick Jenkins, who has come to a re-



ANTHONY POWELL
Eyebrows raised, voice level.

note seaside hotel to bury his tiresome Uncle Giles, runs across the boudoirish Duport, an Eton and Oxford acquaintance whose wife has briefly been Nick's mistress. From Duport, Nick learns that his beloved Jean has been unfaithful not only to Duport (an event of which Duport is mercifully unaware) but to Nick. The classic comedy of cuckold and lover and the excruciating embarrassments involved have seldom been done so well in English. There is a party at the castle of Sir Magnus Donners. "the great industrialist," who is widely suspected of odd but harmless sexual deviations and is easily persuaded to photograph a charade in which his guests represent the seven deadly sins.

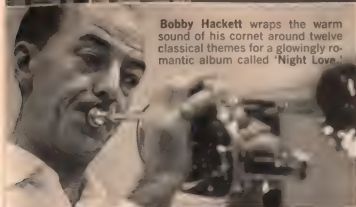
Kenneth Widmerpool, whom Powell addicts have already enshrined as one of the great ones in the long waxwork gallery of English comics, appears as an ambitious officer with a rich, newly acquired military vocabulary. In his own phrase he is "up to his arse in bump" (i.e., a busy desk



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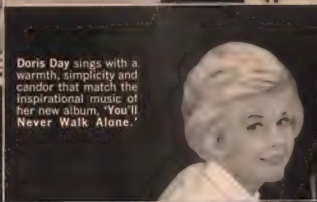
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officer). An unconscious clown as an Etolian, an obtuse and thundering bore as a successful businessman, a disastrous figure of Freudian fun as a lover, Widmerpool, as Powell says in a hundred ways, is the sort of man this age was designed for. In Widmerpool is seen the force of Powell's art—a deadly bore in life becomes a fascinating character in fiction.

In this intricate and wonderfully comic multi-act opera, Powell has restored the pleasure of wondering what will happen next—unknown in English fiction since the times of Dickens' serial novels.

Nacib's Omnamorata

GABRIELA CLOVE AND CINNAMON (425 pp.)—Jorge Amado—Knopf (\$5.95).

Old hands in the little Brazilian cacao port of Ilhéus complain that the place has become overcivilized, and with reason. Take the matter of government. In the past, a sane, orderly rule was established and maintained in Ilhéus by the most efficient of means: gunfire. Now, in the 1920s, there are modernists who say that gunfire is outdated; the new method is the free election. Polls are rigged, of course, to ensure that power remains in the proper hands, but oldtimers see no merit in the innovation: the elections are cumbersome and not at all entertaining.

There is also the serious matter of morality. In the old days a proper Brazilian wife stayed home, speaking only to the servants and to God. Now the town fathers are mortified; a man cannot walk home from a quiet evening at the brothel without seeing married women and their spineless husbands shamelessly laughing at the door of the new cinema. It is all very disturbing.

With sly, leisurely humor, Novelist Amado records the stir made in Ilhéus as the fitful—sometimes barely perceptible—winds of progress blow. There is nothing that is not affected by modernism. Everyone is full of admiration when Colonel Jesuino Mendonça, after discovering his wife and his dentist in conversation (he is in the nude, she wearing only a pair of long black stockings), shoots both of them. The colonel's conduct was impeccable under the ancient code for settling marital differences, and even liberals in Ilhéus are shocked when a court finds him guilty and sentences him to a jail term.

It does not take the reader long to realize that he is in the hands of a Brazilian Boccaccio (whose book is marred now and then by his translators' foolish fondness for gringo slang). It is no surprise, therefore, when Gabriela appears—the laughing, barefoot, round-rumped omnamorata who turns up in the bawdy literature of every language. Who is Gabriela's husband? Naturally he is fat Nacib, the saloonkeeper. Who crawls in Nacib's window when Nacib is tending bar? No one but oily Tonic, the seducer. Will Tonic succeed in getting back out when Nacib comes home unexpectedly? Ah, now there is a question to stir discussion in Ilhéus, just as it has fascinated readers in its countless variants across the centuries.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 22, 1913, AS AMENDED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1950 (74 STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF TIME: The Weekly Newsmagazine published weekly at Chicago, Illinois for October 12, 1962.

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(Signed) James A. Thompson

Business Manager

Returned to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1962

(Signed) Ethel F. Noel


My commission expires March 30, 1964

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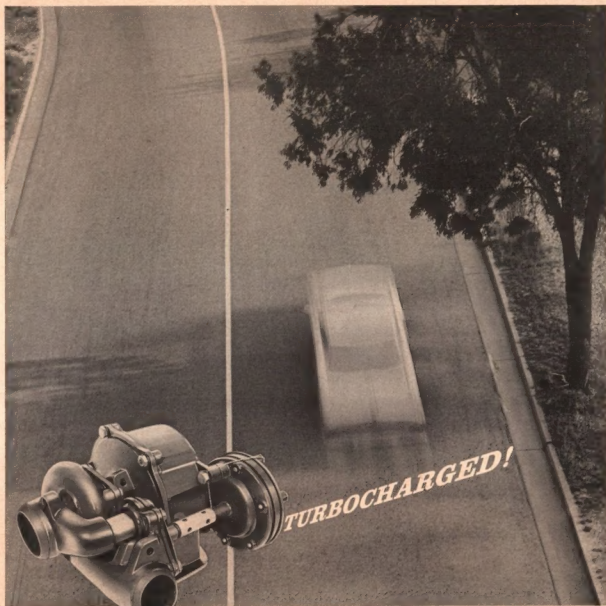
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